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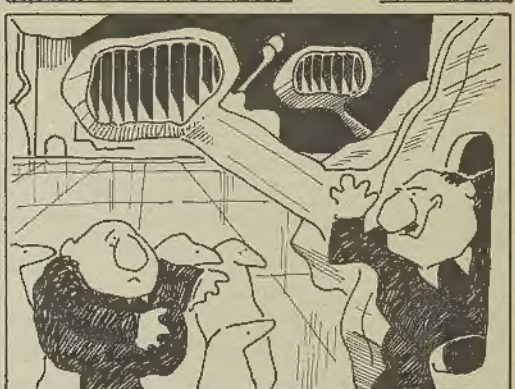
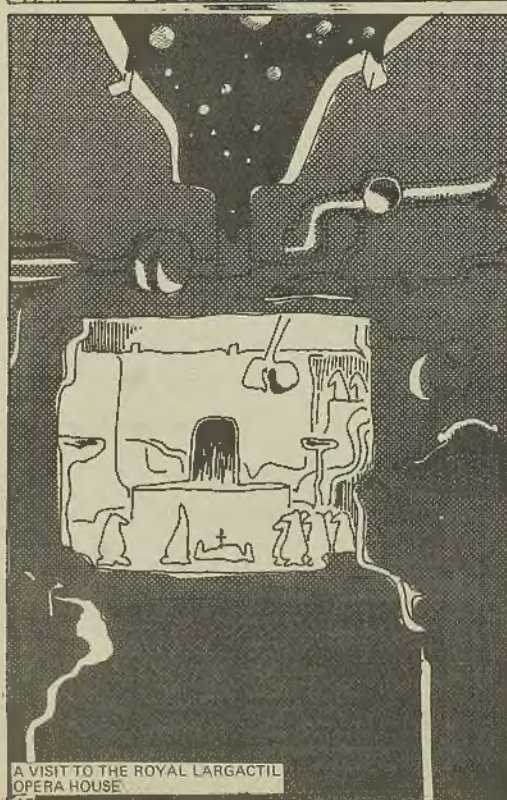
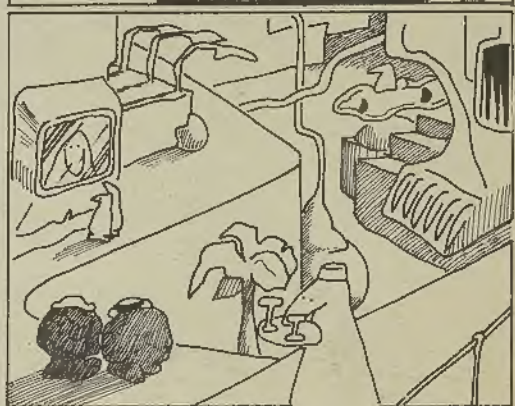
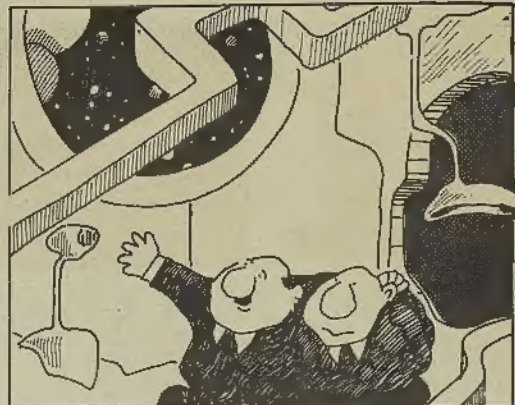
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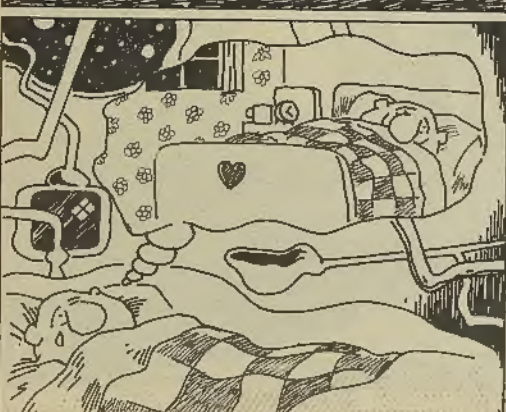
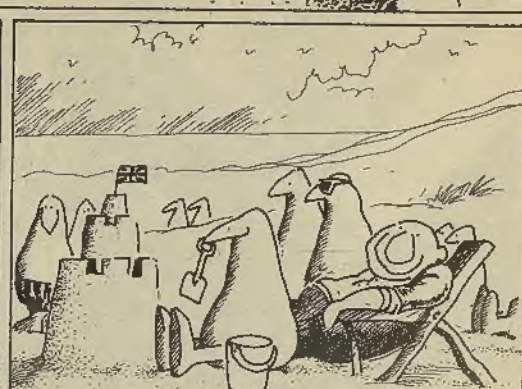
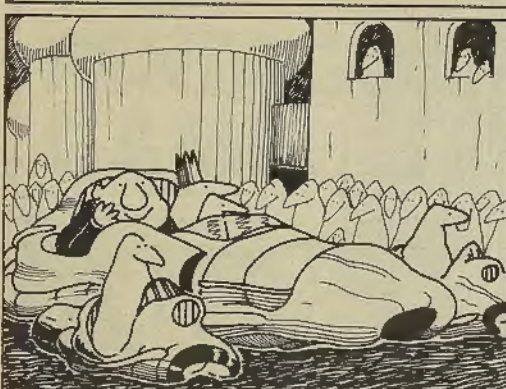
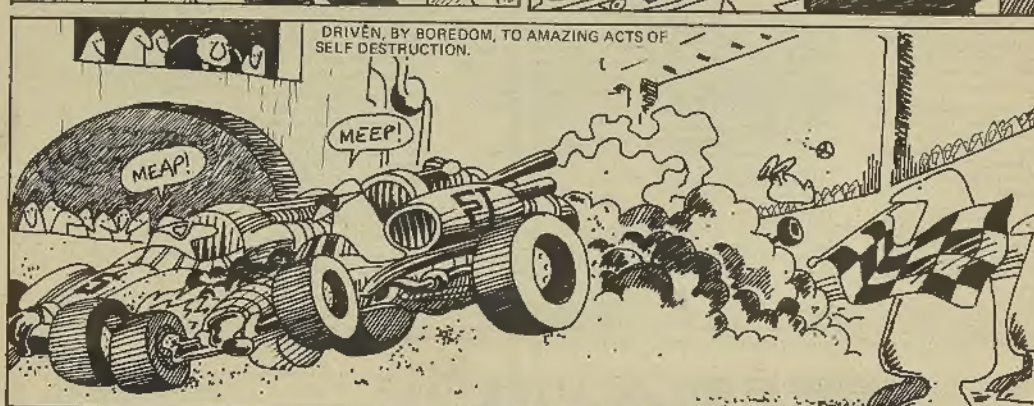
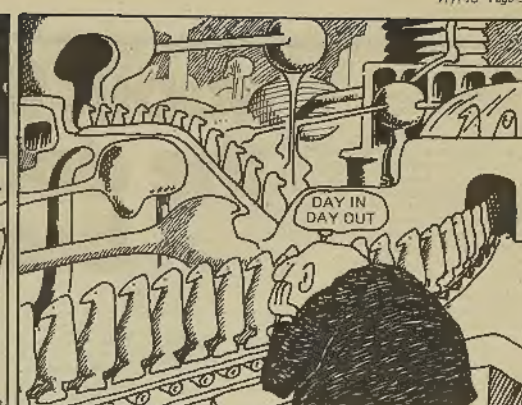
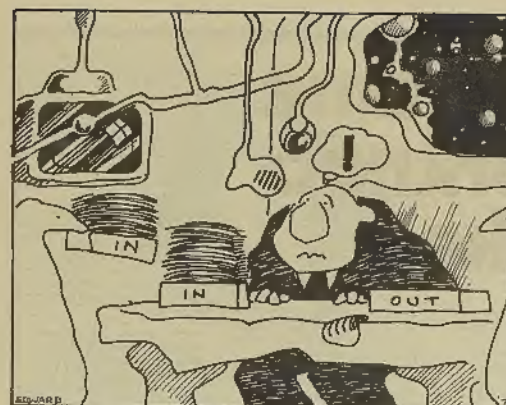
## where have all the jungen gone?

SEE PAGE 12





A VISIT TO THE ROYAL LARGACTIL OPERA HOUSE





Dear IT:

It seems that the police are finally bowing to the recent pressures placed upon them following the publication of the Longford Report, by the threat of legal action from the (Ex) barrister and MP, Raymond Blackburn, for their failure to prosecute pornographers. The police have now drawn up a list naming obscene books and periodicals for the guidance of their officers, and are raiding retailers.

The latest raid, upon the premises of hairdresser turned pornographer Paul Raymond, was a direct consequence of the heavy promotion in the October issue of his 'Club International' of one of these banned books, 'Story of O' from the Olympia Press, a firm noted for the depth of its relationship with the men in blue. 'Story of O' had been seized several months before, when nearly all of Olympia's stock, likewise now blacklisted, had been impounded.

When the porn squad discovered this sadomasochist 'classic' in these glassy pages, they are whispered to have been extremely annoyed. Raymond had been pushing his luck, anyway. They swooped, but were just too late to stop the October issue, which had made the stands by a few hours. Thus it was the next month's issue that was actually taken, along with other salubrious copy, including 'Men Only', all of it flagellant.

Flagellant sex will now be a new category for seizure under the applied definition of 'obscene publications'. 'Teasy Weasy' is

still recovering from the shock of it all.

Yours, Lin Macdonald  
100 Denbigh Street, London W1

Dear IT:

We are writing to say thanks for bringing two lonely people together. It was through an ad that appeared in your classifieds that we met, and we have now found love, aim, and purpose in life. Contrary to the belief that IT is a young persons' media, we are both in our late thirties but dig what you are trying to say, and so will continue to support your paper. Thanks again, and all good things to you,

Jim and Rita  
3 Woodrow Court, Haybourne Road, Tottenham, N17

Dear IT:

After seeing the 'new' Pink Fairies, I am writing to warn 'old' Pink Fairies addicts about

# about the time the doorknob broke

the new group. Don't go expecting the old Fairies cause they ain't. How they got the nerve to call themselves the Pink Fairies I don't know. They sounded just the same as about a million other second rate support groups. This new set-up is just a rip off cashing in on the name, and doing a bad job of it at that. So if you must go on, Messrs Sanderson, Hunter and Wayne, either change your name or bring back Paul Rudolph (the latter would be the best solution).

Up the Pinks,  
Pete Kendall, Beckenham

Dear IT:

I'm writing to apologise for fucking up the Pink Fairies' set at the Roundhouse, Dagenham. I woke up the following Sunday morning knowing I had done something terribly wrong but I didn't realise it was so bad. Friends have told me what happened—jumping onto the

stage, trying to play their drums, clomping all over their equipment and generally looting about. Quite honestly, all I remember was up to when you came on stage and I fell over in the excitement and cracked my head on a chair. After that I suppose the acid took over completely. I'm not trying to make any excuses for what I did—I did it, and I'm really sorry for what happened.

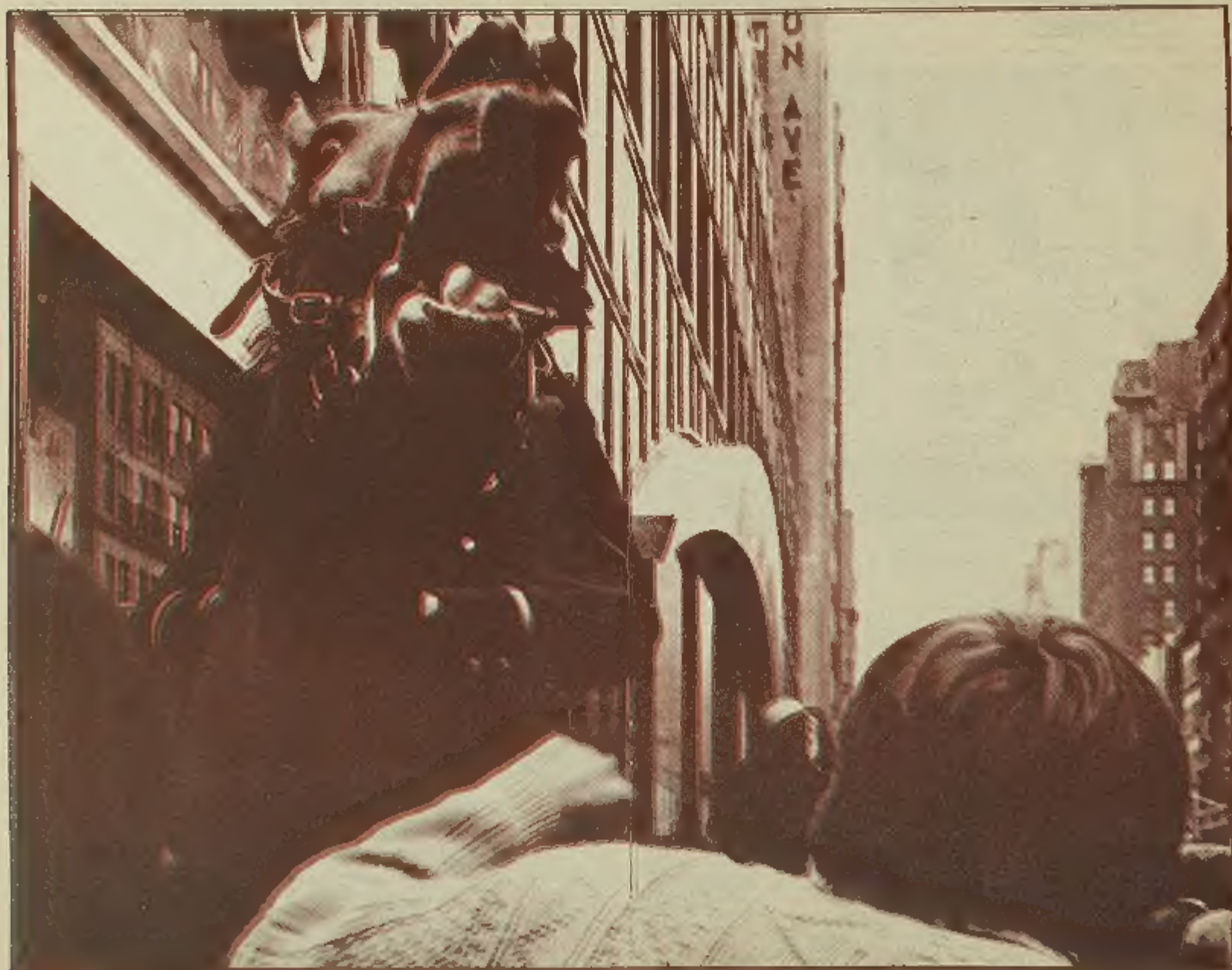
P'r'ps you'd understand why I'm writing this letter and how I really want to make amends for that night if I explained just what 'The Pink Fairies' means to me. Jus' everything, I've been livin', eatin' 'n' sleepin' the Pink Finks for a couple years now. Not because of some sort of blind, hysterical devotion (though very nearly!) but that you can get it on like no other band. When you let rip with your own brand of rock'n roll nothing matters but your music. Euphoria shudders its way thru my body with every vibe you generate, and an

inane grin creeps across me face. I can only think Pink, an' that's all I wanna do. (The world nigh on ended when I had my Fairies an' Hawkwind badges nicked with me jacket at a gig. I went as far as putting ads in IT and Friendz, an' even writing to the relevant record companies to find replacements but I've had no luck).

Anyway, when I realised just how much I pissed about at the Roundhouse, it fucked me up no end. If I knew exactly where you lived I'd have been round to apologize personally, but will do so at your next gig if that's OK.

I hope you accept my sincere apologies, an' also I'd like to thank your roadies—apparently they were really understanding and helpful towards me even tho' I was oblivious to their help. Those sort of guys are few an' far between.

Thanks, Much love,  
Lester Pape,  
9 Greenleaf Close, Tulse Hill,  
London SW2







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J.T.E. (PhD)  
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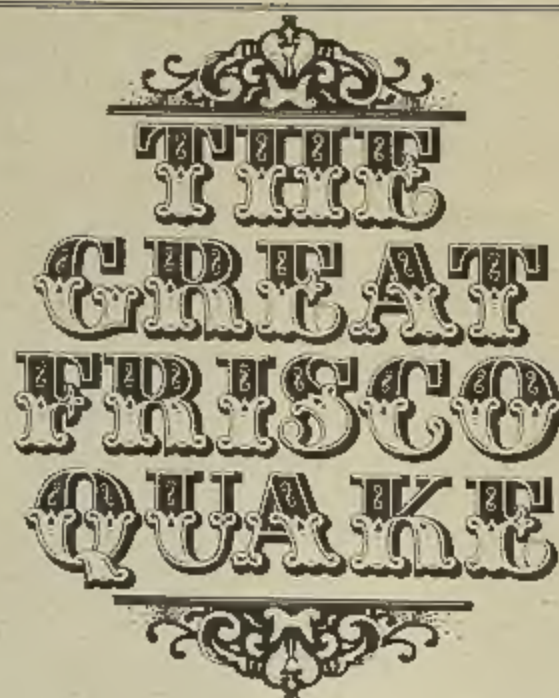
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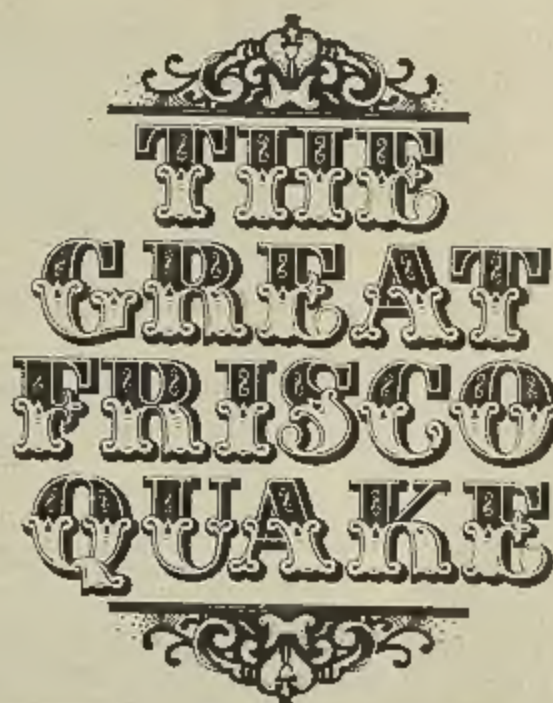
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# Pomolash

**BLACKPOOL:** Home Secretary Robert Carr's vague and ill-defined reaction to the Longford Report is the first governmental policy comment on that unsolicited piece of hysteria since publication four weeks ago.

To robust cheers from Tory delegates, Carr announced that "as a matter of urgency I shall see whether we cannot clear away some of the worst of these excesses." In case it has escaped Mr Carr's notice, I'd would like to point out that the clearing-up process commenced three weeks ago when ambitious police officers arrived at the printers of Men Only and Club International equipped with a warrant, a black maria, and the intention of confiscating the new issue of Men Only. Unfortunately the print-run of Men Only is in the region of 350,000 copies. 250,000 copies of Men Only weigh 150 tons. The police officers balked, and settled for locking the glossy obscenities in the printer's warehouse pending further action.

Three days later, with the press hungry for new porn headlines, a Dover court fined an importer of Danish literature £12,000. He has until 1984 to pay it off, at £10 a week. When Lord Longford brought several examples of similar literature into the country for use as evidence in his 'commission', he was waived by the customs. No further action, needless to say, was taken.

Four days later, the provinces got the picture. Manchester police swooped on newsagents throughout the city, cleared away customers, and confiscated copies of Oz, Men Only, Club International, and several light-weight tit mags. Victor Holt, general secretary of the National Federation of Retail Newsagents, said of these raids: "For police to descend on shopkeepers, order their customers out, and then close the doors and carry out their search operations smacks of Gestapo." The Assistant Chief Constable of Manchester replied: "The police are entitled to remove magazines if, on the face of it, they appear obscene."

Paul Raymond, owner of the celebrated Soho sex emporium and publisher of Men Only and Club International, flew to America, where he is 'temporarily incommunicado'. In Sheffield several copies of the Margate-produced underground magazine, Fapto, were seized at the railway station and held by the city police, who have since informed the publishers that prosecution is likely on issues 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6. Nothing if not thorough.

And the story drones on. On the 29th September two Detective Sergeants of the Metropolitan Police Vice Squad entered the 2-year-old radical bookstore 'Bookends' in Westbourne Grove, London, with a warrant issued under the Obscene Publications Act. They proceeded to remove 286 separate items, including the IT Book of Drugs, Nasty Tales, Cozmic Comics, 40/50 different American underground comics, and a mid-50s Tarzan Adventure book.

Robert Carr has also stated that he is "opposed to more censorship." The courts and police of this country apparently are not. If the Longford Report has had no immediate success in altering the legislature governing publishing, it has, through quasi-official articulation of the excessive bigotries and ignorance of the minions of British Law, unleashed what is potentially the severest puritan backlash since Victoria took the throne. It took two world wars and half a century to get over that one.



Metropolitan Police: fireworks?

## All on the beat

**LONDON:** Watch out for fireworks in the Metropolitan Police. The *Daily Express* of October 10th reported that "A man serving a five year jail sentence had been freed—by order of the Director of Public Prosecutions. The man had served almost twelve months of his sentence .... Police authorities were told by the DPP not to oppose it. The crown will not oppose the appeal when it comes up."

No clue in the *Express* as to who the man was and why he has been let out. In fact the man's name was Salah, and his sudden release should be the opener for some interesting info on our beloved police. Salah was convicted last September for his part in the importation of a considerable amount of cannabis. The leading lights of the drug squad are unlikely to be too happy that his case has been resurrected. Last year, remember, was the year that Detective Chief Inspector Vic Kelaher, head of the Drug Squad, was

accused in the witness box by Lloyd-Ely QC, of being in league with five dope importers, and if not why had he been seen by agents of HM customs holding open the door of a taxi into which were being loaded 24lbs of cannabis? Vic said that he was watching an informant of his among the dealers, a certain Basil Sands, one of the defendants. That was Sands' excuse too, but the jury chose to disbelieve both Sands and the Chief Inspector and convicted Sands. The inspector was not on trial.

The case did arouse, to say the least, interest of higher powers. Present in court throughout the Sands trial, was Commander Crane 'observing the case on behalf of the police'. Since the actual bust, but before the trial, Kelaher had been seconded off the drug squad to assist into the enquiries into the Real Estate Fund of America, a big fraud in which the then Home Secretary Reginald Maudling was not unimplicated.

Following on the Sands case Prescott, Deputy Chief Constable of Lancashire was appointed to run an enquiry into the Drug Squad. This did not result in any charges being

brought, as a result the Home Secretary, Mr Reginald Maudling, whose involvement in the Real Estate Fund of America had been under the scrutiny of Kelaher, decided to take no action. Comes 1972, and a lot of news out of the bankruptcy courts about Poulson, and his involvement with Reggie Maudling. News of dirty deals in fact, which lead to the resignation of Reggie Maudling and the institution of a police investigation under Commander Crane, who had observed Kelaher denying he was corrupt in the Sands case. Not of course that the Prescott enquiry did not make its report to Reginald Maudling in a frank manner, but there are interesting reports that the offices occupied by the Prescott enquiry, in Paddington Green, are once again occupied. Prescott himself is not back with the boys, he having resigned after he submitted his report ...

Still who would be surprised if four or five former drug squad officers were to face charges in the near future? Perhaps some of those that gave evidence in the conviction of Salah?

# Vietgame

**LONDON:** The Pentagon Game is an attempt, devised and marketed by two American students living in Paddington, to show what the Vietnam war is all about, using recollections of Vietnam Vet friends and US official documents, including the Pentagon papers.

Playing on a map of South East Asia the four (or less) players, representing the US, their South Vietnamese puppets, the Viet Cong, and the North Vietnamese Army battle for control of South Vietnam. The US and South Vietnamese can slaughter the civilian population at will, though the Viet Cong has its undeclared forces infiltrated among the civilians. The counters are tiny and fragile, difficult, as in the case of the real thing, for clumsy caucasian hands to manipulate.

The game, devised by Brian Beckitt, is presented as a CIA document. Not just a joke, the Pentagon warlords, deep in their airconditioned bunkers are far removed these days from the sweat and blood and agony of Vietnam. To them 'taking out' (obliterating a village) is as simple and detached an action as moving a counter on a board. The very same perhaps—one of the most secret departments of the Pentagon is the games room, where they play war games in an attempt to work out tomorrow's winning moves.

The Pentagon Game beats monopoly or any of the others as a game to play in the privacy of your home (plug, plug) but remember that in Vietnam the people are the counters, and they have been dying for thirty years.

## Hot Shit!

**GLASGOW, 3rd Oct:** Easterhouse sent the British Army packing last weekend, giving the boys a taste of that real Belfast flavour. A thirty-man recruiting team had rolled onto the playing fields of Lochend School, Lochend Road, Easterhouse, and set up a display of the army at work and play. The youth of the area showed keen interest, turning up in considerable numbers. First to go was a cookhouse erected to dispense modern army grub (forget what your dad told you about army grub!) smashed to matchwood.

Soldiers enjoying a peaceful cuppa in one of the caravans hurriedly evacuated when flames from the bonfire lit underneath started to lick through the floor. The retreat was sounded when the other caravan lost its windows. Two army land-rovers drove off, leaving their exhaust systems behind, saboteurs had tied the pipes to trees.

"It was like fucking Belfast", said an NCO, "when I saw a ten year old flinging a rocket launcher I knew it was time to quit."

The army deny all knowledge of the incident, but have forgotten to inform the police about the cover-up, who confirm that they were belatedly 'summoned to a disturbance'.

Meanwhile down the river in the Strongfarm district of Greenock, 300 youths overturned and burnt two panda cars, after the occupants fled. You don't need to cross the sea to dear old Ireland ....





## BRITISH SPY SHOT

**BELFAST:** The British Army has been finally forced to admit that it uses undercover agents in Belfast, spying on the civilian population. What forced them to this admission, was of course the fact that the Provisional IRA had blown the lid off the spy ring by shooting the driver of a laundry van who was in reality a British Army agent.

Characteristically the British

Army sought to minimise the extent of its loss. They admitted to the loss of only the one spy. The Provisional IRA's claim to have killed five members of the spy force. Apart from the actual driver of the van, there were two soldiers concealed in a secret compartment in the roof. These were killed at the same time that the van driver was shot. Although the army denies this eyewitnesses to the shooting unanimously testify that they heard shots being returned at the attackers, and that they saw blood seeping from the roof of the van before it was hurriedly driven away by the authorities.

Later that day a man was shot and wounded in a massage parlour in the Antrim Road. He was taken to hospital, and the authorities refused to give any report on his condition, or to admit his identity. The IRA also claim to have killed three other members of the spyforce, which they call MRP.

Army concealment of casualties is nothing new in Ulster, or indeed in other nasty little wars that they have been fighting around the place. Last year they belatedly announced that three members of the elite "anti-terrorist" SAS had been killed while "training" in Oman, where our boys have been helping

the local Sheikh out of a spot of bother with his people, who want to get rid of him. The army consistently denies that the SAS is in Ulster, though it is exactly the sort of situation that they are trained to deal with. It is likely that the soldiers killed in the laundry van were members of the SAS.

As a considerable number of army recruits come from orphanages, if they are killed in action, the army has no obligation to inform next of kin, and they merely disappear from the records, or are officially disposed of some time later in a "helicopter crash" in Germany, or some equally innocuous demise.

The only people who cannot be fooled by this cover up operation are those who see the soldiers killed, and hospital workers. Thus, on internment day in Derry last year the army announced that they had suffered no serious casualties. Yet nurses at the local hospital are adamant that they treated six badly wounded soldiers, two of whom were unlikely to live. They were removed to a military hospital in England that night.

If you are a British soldier in Ulster, and don't have a family, don't count on a public funeral. Dead, you may be an embarrassment they would prefer to forget about.



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THE OLYMPIA PRESS





by Peter Fuller

**LONDON:** George Lennox appeared before Judge E Clark in Court Nine, at the Old Bailey, on 29 September and said that he had been framed by Special Branch for political reasons. The charge was attempted armed robbery; the verdict, guilty by an 11 to 1 jury majority; the sentence 3 years in prison. But, throughout the proceedings, Lennox claimed that he did not commit the offence, and that the whole circumstances of his arrest and trial were the result of a political conspiracy carried out by the police.

He has always been consistent in his story: when he was working in Aden, as a Corporal in the Joint Message Centre at Fort Morbut, he saw a "heinous act of brutality" against a suspect political prisoner who was brought in to the Initial Interrogation Centre, and he received first hand evidence and accounts of several more similar incidents. He did not do anything about this at the time, but in October 1966, when he was working in the Statistical and Records Department of the Headquarters, British Army of the Rhine, he read reports in the *Sunday Times* attacking Amnesty International. Amnesty had found evidence of torture and intimidation by British troops.

Lennox wrote to the *Sunday Times*, and described in some detail the incident he had seen. Soon after, *Sunday Times* reporter, Anthony Terry, arranged a meeting with him in a wood not far from Munchen-Gladbach. Terry told Lennox that his letter might not get published, but said that it would be passed on to the Bowen Commission then sitting to investigate the Amnesty claims. Terry now admits that he passed on Lennox's story to the War Office, now the Ministry of Defence, which denied his allegations.

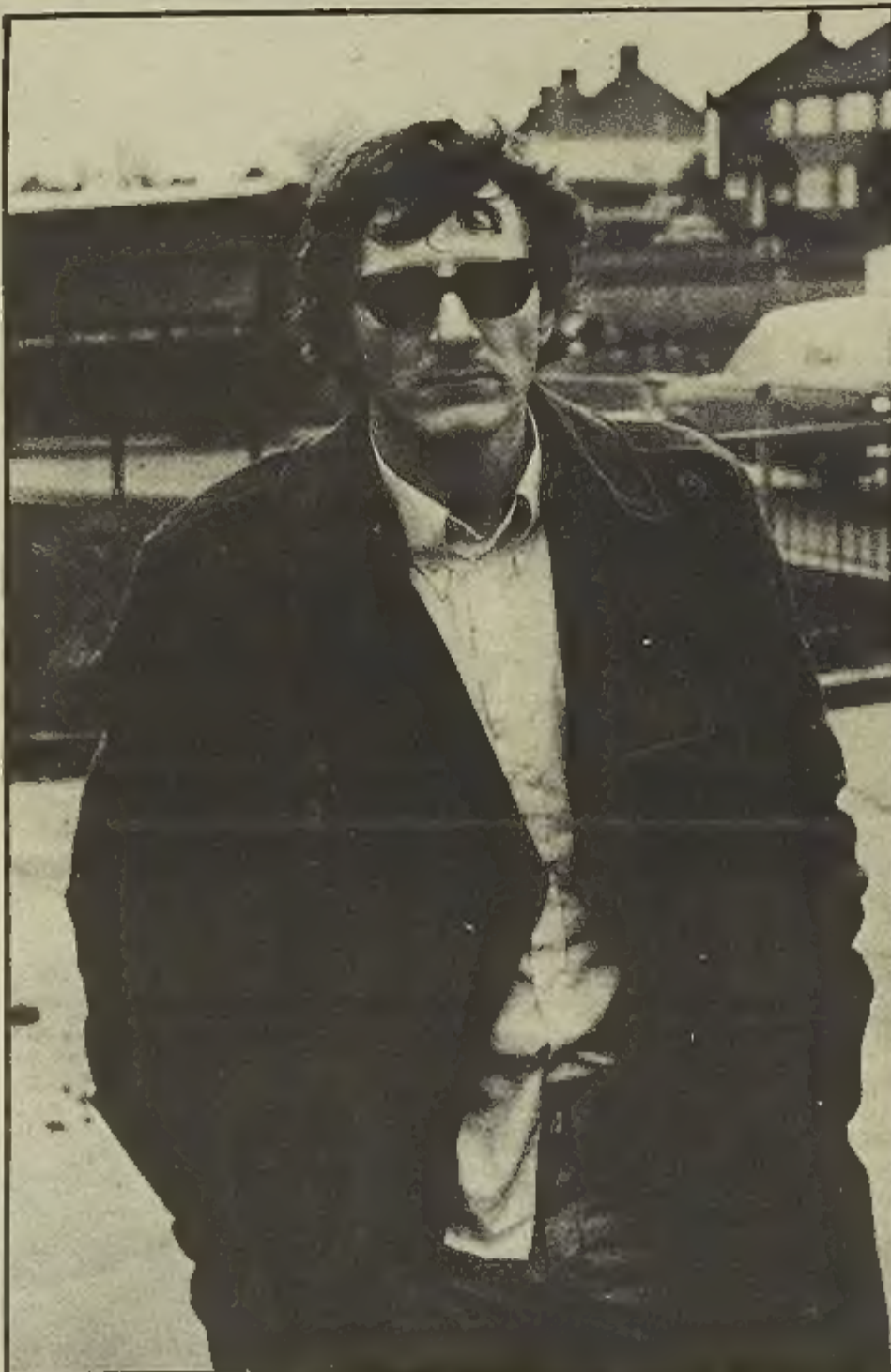
In January 1967, Lennox says he was visited by a member of the Army's Special Investigation Branch, who tried to get him to revise his story, and, with the use of photographic gimmicks, suggested that he could not possibly have seen what he said he did while at Ras Morbut. But Lennox would not change his account.

In April 1967, he was playing at an inter-corps Rugby festival at Paderborn, where he was met by three plain clothes officers, who took him by car to a twin-engine plane at Gutersloh airport, in which he was flown to Northolt.

Lennox says that he was then taken to an establishment, which he believes was near Chessington, where a series of elaborate and degrading brain-washing techniques were used on him by Special Branch officers. These included leaving him in a room for days on end with no lavatory facilities and subjecting him to sudden change of temperature. He was also interrogated, and the suggestion was put to him that he had prior association with Amnesty, or other left wing groups, before writing to the *Sunday Times*. Eventually he was transferred to Cambridge Military Hospital and finally discharged from the Army for "failing to comply with military, medical requirements."

In January of this year, Lennox was reminded of his experiences by events in Ireland and contacted *7 Days*, the late revolutionary weekly paper. In their issue of 19-25 January, *7 Days* ran the Lennox story across the front page, with a large photograph of him, and the headline "Did the Special Branch torture Corporal Lennox." Six inside

# George Lennox: A CLASS CONSPIRACY



Remember this man? Was he tortured? Is he an armed robber?

pages were given over to the matter, substantial parts of which, including his entire relationship with the *Sunday Times*, were confirmed beyond any doubt whatsoever. The Army did not then, and has not subsequently, provided a satisfactory explanation of where Lennox was during the six weeks he says that he was being tortured in Chessington.

On Tuesday January 18, the day when copies of this issue of *7 Days* first appeared, Lennox was in the Holtons Pub on the Ears Court Road, in the evening, selling the paper. Detective Sergeant Jones of Regional Crime Squad, and Babbage, a police officer from Wimbledon, came into the pub, and they said in court that they told him that he was wanted "in connection with an offence of robbery", and took him to

Kensington Police Station. Later, he was charged with attempted armed robbery at Victoria Station on November 4 of 1971.

Lennox was then remanded in custody at Brixton prison, for a week, although he was later given bail. The press conference 7 Days had intended to call to give further publicity to his story had to be called off, Lennox being detained elsewhere and much of the material concerning later events now coming under the "sub judice" laws.

The case against Lennox in court was not a strong one. It relied on a single shaky identification, and an alleged "verbal confession" which he was supposed to have made to the police. The identification had followed a confrontation with Shipley, the cashier of the

Bureau de Change at Victoria Station who had been held up, by someone, on November 4. Shipley considered that Lennox was the man; on the day of the hold-up, the thief had said to Shipley, "Hand over the money, you cunt, or I'll fill your belly full of lead." He had repeated the statement, too. In court Shipley was asked what accent the man had. He had said, "an ordinary London accent." Lennox speaks with a searing, unmistakable Scottish brogue.

The circumstances surrounding the police verbal were even more curious. Lennox was alleged to have made his verbal confession, and yet the police officers involved were forced to admit in court that at no time had they requested a written statement, which is, of course, far more valuable as evidence in court. It is also standard

practice that after a man has admitted an offence he should at least be asked to put his admission down on paper.

During the trial, Lennox stated that he had been on Victoria Station at about 9 pm on the day of the robbery. He had wanted to collect his case from a left luggage locker and had lost his key. The Left Luggage official would not give him the case, so he had contacted a British Transport Policeman at the Victoria Station, whom he knew, who had vouched for his identification, thus securing the case for him. And so the prosecution were arguing that Lennox had been in contact with the police at Victoria at around 3 pm, but had returned at about 7 pm to commit an attempted robbery there.

Lennox also had an alibi, a number of friends with whom he had been in a house in Putney, and subsequently at the Marquee club, Wardour Street, throughout the period when the robbery was supposed to have been committed.

It is impossible to discuss the treatment of his alibi in court, without commenting on the whole conduct of the trial. Firstly, the judge acted as a second prosecutor, only probing evidence which would strengthen the prosecution case. He did as much as he could to make Lennox's allegations of a political fix appear ludicrous.

As we know, in the Old Bailey, you can forget all those pretty clichés about men being innocent until they are proved guilty. Watling, the prosecutor, who behaved towards the judge like a conniving head prefect in front of a master, and the judge himself, who all but winked at the jury at what he considered significant weaknesses in the defence case, consistently pulled over the class trip, particularly in their interrogation of the long haired friends who were Lennox's alibi. Watling, doing his job with the relish of a public school bully boy, tried to trip them up the whole time with legalistic tricks.

There were many other curiosities about the conduct of the trial. The police admitted that Lennox's antecedents file (he had three previous offences to all of which he had pleaded guilty, and which he himself brought out in court), had been mysteriously "mislaid" at the time of the committal proceedings. In whose hands was it? His army record had not been consulted by the police, again a standard practice which has just been ignored. And how had Detective Jones decided on the morning of January 18 that Lennox might be the man? How had he known, so precisely, where to find him two and a half months after the robbery, just on that day when the paper appeared?

The class trip pulled over by judge and prosecutor? No, not another act of an illegal political conspiracy to convict but simply a vindication of the fact that really, you haven't a chance in the courts unless you are one member of the bourgeoisie, pitted against another member of the bourgeoisie. Lennox seemed to me to have produced enough evidence to raise "reasonable doubt" in anybody's mind, but it was equally clear that judge, and jury and prosecutor "conspired" to find him guilty as soon as he appeared, that, however was a perfectly legal class conspiracy, commonly called the British legal system.



# THE MAN WHO (almost) SHOT JFK ...and the ones that pulled it off.



Kennedy and de Gaulle in the Champs Elysees, 1961. Somewhere out there Jose Luis Romero wasn't waiting.

## A STORY OF GLOBAL INTRI- GUE

by David Elvaston

PARIS, France: May 31st 1961, and Presidents Kennedy and de Gaulle ride down the Champs Elysees, crowds cheering the motorcade. And on that day John Kennedy was to be shot.

Jose Luis Romero, a Franco-Spanish mercenary, surfaced in Paris last week to tell how he had been offered £143,000 to knock off Kennedy. Romero, an OAS operative, says that he was approached by 'an American diplomat' called 'Mike'; 'Mike' persuaded him that Kennedy and the US were greater dangers to France than de Gaulle.

So Kennedy was to be shot as he sat beside de Gaulle in the open car. And the Great Wide World was to think that the OAS had fucked up on yet another attempted hit at de Gaulle. 'Terribly sorry we French can't shoot straight, but that's how it goes.'

It didn't happen. Romero quite reasonably sussed that he

wouldn't be around long enough to spend much of the bread, appealed to his OAS bosses for advice and was told to get out of the whole thing. Romero fled, first to the Congo and then to S. America. He has spoken now "because there are some things one cannot keep to oneself eternally."

Jack Kennedy finally got his on November 22, 1963, in another motorcade in Dealey Plaza, Dallas. "It was probably the same people who hired Harvey Oswald to kill Kennedy" Romero commented.

Who killed Kennedy? One man and two bullets, says the Warren Commission. If there's more than one man, you've got a plan and a conspiracy; and we Americans don't have conspiratorial assassins—remember Lincoln?—like everyone else, we just have lone psychopaths. And if it were more than two bullets—the first of which passed through both Kennedy and Connally, we're told—it must have been more than the lone Oswald. For the Mannlicher-Carcano rifle with which Oswald is said to have offed Kennedy, is not able to fire more than two shots in the time available.

That there were more than two shots is abundantly clear. Examination of the notorious Zapruder film of the assassination shows three separate impacts: (i) Kennedy hit in back, (ii) Gov. Connally of Texas, riding in the front of the car, tried to turn and see the action and was hit in the back, (iii) Kennedy's head exploded.

Connally himself has always sworn that he was hit by a separate bullet to the one which first struck Kennedy. 84% of eye and ear witnesses in Dealey Plaza that day swear to at least three and maybe four shots

fired and hit. Bullet 399, alleged to have smashed through both Kennedy and Connally, causing eight wounds, was found in Parkland Hospital, Dallas, on a stretcher unused by either Kennedy or Connally, bizarrely undamaged. The original autopsy notes were burnt, and the autopsy conducted by unskilled military men under orders. (A very thorough examination of all these matters can be found in Josiah Thompson's 'Six Seconds in Dallas').

So who did it? It seems most unlikely that any of the actual killers is still alive. By 1967, 32 people connected with Ruby, Oswald et al had met unusual deaths. By 1969, it was 68 corpses since Dallas (see Penn & Jones 'Forgive my Grief I, II, III'). And more since, to an estimated figure of 118. How many in all is totally uncheckable.

The likeliest candidates for the killers mirror precisely Jose Luis Romero. Since the Bay of Pigs, the CIA was covertly training anti-Castro assassination squads in Florida and north of Lake Pontchartrain in Louisiana. These camps were closed on August 31st 1963, when other US agencies, including the FBI, raided the camps and stopped the training, on Kennedy's orders. Out of a job, no place to go, all keyed-up to kill Castro, who did that to the mercenaries? JFK. And who was going soft on Cuba? JFK. Watch out kids, pissed off Right wing killers on the loose. The week before Dallas, there was to be a motorcade in Miami; reports reached the FBI of assassination plans by anti-Castro Cubans and the parade was cancelled. But a week later, they got it right; bang, bang, bang, bang. 'They shot my baby down. Which 'diplomat' paid? Which 'diplomat' paid for Bobby? Which for King?

And who was involved with all those scummy Cubans? Well, people like James McCord Jr., Bernard Barker, Frank Sturgis, Eugenio Martinez, Virgilio Gonzales, Howard Hunt. You've heard of them; the first five were arrested breaking into Democratic Party HQ at the Watergate; and Howard Hunt, their controller, worked in the White House before he fled Washington and probably the US. All have extensive contacts with the CIA. McCord and Hunt have been serving in the White House; McCord on a Special 16-man unit having to do with 'Emergencies, Radicals and contingency plans' in case of war. Perhaps it was his work on this that persuaded Republicans to give him the contract to provide all security for the Republican Convention in Miami; he lost the contract when he got caught burgling the Democrats.

Same old singers, same old song, composed and conducted by John Mitchell—Washington address: The Watergate Hotel, wife, Martha, hippie-buster turned political prisoner, dig the change, free Martha Mitchell!—and the Mighty Milhouse himself, positive thinking Dicky Nixon. Oh, and by the way in 1962 Bobby Kennedy, then Attorney-General of the US, was investigating the Alger Hiss affair in which Nixon made his political name in 1948; unfortunate discrepancies between the Nixon version and the truth were being found. (Read the August 1972 'Realist' for a full analysis of the Watergate affair and its agents).

The Warren Commission is a discredited document. Senator Richard Russell of Georgia, one of the most right-wing members of the Commission, was always dubious about the 2 bullet/one assassin version; another member, Rep. Hale Boggs

(Minority leader of the House), has admitted his dissatisfaction. John Connally, then Governor of Texas, later Nixon's Sec. of Treasury, now Head of Democrats for Nixon and tipped as outsider for the next Republican nomination, has never wavered in his recollection of three separate bullets. LBJ, in his TV memoirs with Walter Cronkite, admitted his disbelief; this was cut 'for reasons of national security.' And all the facts, all the ordinary people who saw and heard, all the 26 volumes of evidence, all the people not questioned by the Commission, completely demolish the lone assassin theory. Yet the conspiracy has never been judicially examined, except by New Orleans DA Jim Garrison. They busted him in 1971 on charges of bribe-taking to protect illegal pinball gambling in New Orleans, on evidence from a former friend of Garrison's, Pershing Gervais. On May 25, 1972, Gervais recanted and admitted 'The Justice Department forced me to make a false affidavit against Jim Garrison'.

Like Romero, Gervais couldn't keep his mouth shut for ever. We know, the people know, that it wasn't one man. How many more US politicians and leaders are going to be assassinated by that American phenomenon, the lone assassin? Luther, Bobby, Jack, down like clay pipes in a shooting gallery. Wicked Wallace ripping off the right-wing vote; watch the monster fall. Gen. Ralph Haines (2nd in command, US Army) thinks that Washington is God's cent e of the free world. It's not; it's the funkiest armpit in the west.



# Gay Bank Robbery: Where is Mike Umbers?

by Captain Nemo

FLATBUSH, NY: Where is Mike Umbers?

Probably dead.

Who in the wide world would have wanted to harm Mike Umbers?

Literally hundreds of people. Being the mob's man in the Village, running gay bars, making porn films, gave Mike Umbers a high profile. The profile got a bit too high. Here's how it went.

John Wojtowicz leaves the army in March 1969, after three years service. He is married and has a little son. In May 1971 he comes along to the Gay Activists' Alliance place, the Firehouse. He brings his little son with him, and claims the kid is the youngest member of GAA. Arthur Bell, of the *Village Voice*, remembers him:

"John was pleasant, spunky, a little crazy, and up front about his high sex drive. Once, during a Firehouse dance, he balled with a guy on a mattress in the basement. The next day, the mattress was removed, and there was talk about removing Little John from membership. In June, 1971, he requested that the members allow him to use the Firehouse for his wedding to someone who wasn't Ernie. A heated floor debate followed: is a homosexual marriage against the goals of gay liberation or did the goals of gay liberation encompass all life styles."

Now John was friendly with Mike Umbers. Umbers kept a place on Christopher Street called Christopher's End. He liked to talk of himself as a 'gay catalyst', getting jobs for the boys. He had porno interests, he ran a call boy service from his Studio Book Store. He had Mafia connections, and all this tied in neatly because the Mafia tend to run the gay bars, since they can square off the police and rip off the gays without getting hassled.

When Umbers put a sign up at Christopher's End, advertising 'Weird Sex-Now', the brothers planned action, and John reported secretly to Umbers, straight from the GAA meeting. Came the action, and John stupidly stood outside the End, with a 'Mike is good' sign, revealing his tie-up.

After which we do not hear much of John, till the Chase Manhattan bank robbery in Flatbush, Queens.

On Tuesday, August 22 of this year, two men walked into the Flatbush branch of the bank, just before three o'clock. On their information there was \$200,000 inside, and that is what they had come to get. In fact there was only \$29,000, which the staff were in the process of handing over, when police cars, alerted by secret signals, came screeching up.

There is only one option for John Wojtowicz and Sal Naturale, and that is to take the staff of six women and one man hostage. They do this, and say that if the cops come crashing in, they'll shoot.

So commences the famous Gay Bank Robbery Caper. While Sal guards the hostages, John issues his demands. They need hamburgers and coke; they need transportation to Kennedy Airport, and a light aircraft. Above all, John wants to see his

wife. Meanwhile the crowds gather outside and while he waits for his wife, John chats to reporters and local radio stations on the phone. After an hour or so, there are three thousand people standing around outside, and the pizza joint next door is doing its best business in years. John calls up his gay friends, and they come and rap with him outside the bank, exchanging kisses and greetings, to the discomfiture of the Feds, who are now dictating operations.

Sal, inside the bank, is very keen to get one thing straight. He is not gay, and grabs the phone to indicate this to the world at large.

Finally John's wife arrives. He is Ernest Aron. Ernest is in hospital gear, having been dragged from his bed in King's County Hospital psychiatric ward. Ernest and John were married in a \$2,000 mock Catholic ceremony in December. Now John claims he is doing the bank robbery to get the cash to pay for Ernest's sex change operation.

Ernest sits in the Palestinian barbershop, next to the bank, which has been set up as police HQ. He is thin and haggard and still ill from a sleeping pill OD of two days previous. He doesn't know that John has claimed to be doing the robbery to pay for the operation and refuses to go near the bank.

He has been receiving hormone treatment preparatory to the sex change operation. His body has begun to show some of the changes that the estrogen shots produce. His breasts are developing, his hips are enlarged, his beard has lightened. Silicone shots have filled out his cheeks.

As a youngster, Aron recalled, he'd dress up for Halloween as a girl. But it wasn't until he was 20, when he had come to Manhattan and met other transvestites, that he had the nerve to go

out as a woman.

"I was terrified that first night. It was in November. I was going to Dayzee Dee's drag ball in Brooklyn. I wore an emerald green two piece evening gown—empire waist, low cut in front. The coat to match had a mandarin collar with eighteen buttons. I wore green shoes and had a blond wig too, all done in curls. My face wasn't too hot. It was the first time I had put on make-up. It took me hours just to get the lashes on." The last time he wore a suit, he says, was at his mother's funeral, twelve years ago.

But now Ernest refuses to go near the bank, because of John's bad temper. It's difficult, he says, since John is also good tempered, and "that's the problem. John and I couldn't live together, because of mental problems on both sides. It would never have worked out."

"John was sadistic in his sex habits. He could control himself, but sometimes he went overboard with such things, and he terrified me."

Meanwhile, John's former male mistress is down in front of the bank, having also been called up by John. They kiss in front of the appraising crowd, and later the mistress gives his analysis.

"John loves Ernie, but wants me. I think he robbed the bank for two reasons. One, for Ernie's sex change. Two, to run away with me."

Finally Ernie hears that the motive for the raid is, according to John, to get money for his operation. He breaks down and wants to go to the bank to speak to John. This time the Feds refused.

The negotiations continue. John and Sal want Pizza, and throw out \$2,000 of the bank's money to pay for it. Outside the bank an ex-con who has done 12 years for armed robbery himself says that John must be getting scared. "Right now, he

knows he's finished."

The crowds get bigger. Grim-faced 'marksmen' lurk, bulging with flak jackets. Everytime one gets near the bank, John tells him to drop his gun and every time he does so. Citizens from all over New York watch the scene in the news.

Round about 4 in the morning the Feds provide a limousine and John, Sal and seven hostages climb in. They blast off to Kennedy, pursued by loads of sight-seers, who are finally held by the police.

They speed towards the Hansa plane, which has arrived at runway 22R. On the remote runway, head Fed Richard Baker and his agents spring their trap. It is keyed on passwords. All hostages were still inside, with Naturale flanked by two hostages in the third of

five rows of seats and Wojtowicz flanked by two more in the fifth row. Two agents walk to the windows next to the fellows and Fred Fehl, special FBI agent in charge of the criminal office of the New York division, asks Baker, "Will there be food on the plane?" "Yes."

Bang. "Yes" tells the driver to grab the .38 taped to his ankle and shoot Naturale in the chest. "Yes" tells Fehl to grab Naturale's gun, and Baker to yank Wojtowicz's .30-06 rifle out of his hands. It's over.

Most of all for Sal Naturale. A friend who claims the body says, "He was a six-time loser, and nobody gave a damn about him." "He was an outlaw," says a detective from Kearsburg, New Jersey, where Naturale came from, "Always in trouble



Wojtowicz arguing with police outside the bank.



and always a headache."

So, Porters Field for Nature, and goal for Wojtowicz. But why were they trying to knock over the bank in Flatbush? Wojtowicz says that he and Sal met a middle-aged bank executive from the Chase Manhattan in a gay bar and this fellow tipped them off about the \$200,000, which had in fact been taken out of the bank at 11 am on the morning of the robbery.

But there's a nastier truth, which brings us back to Mr

Umbers.

The real story, got by Bell, is as follows: alleged soldiers in the Gambino organized crime family were behind the hold-up. (This is not the first foray of the Gambino family against the Chase Manhattan bank. The big boss Carlo himself is under indictment for conspiracy to rob a Chase armoured truck a few years ago). Ernie knew it, others around town knew it, and the hold-up was in the planning stages for a long long time. Ernie,

however, found out only last Sunday, when John received at least one of the guns used in the hold-up from Mike Umbers. Ernie tried to stop John.

He threatened to kill himself if his lover-husband went through with it. John didn't buy. Ernie took his OD of sleeping pills and was rushed to Kings County Hospital. The following day Umbers gave himself up to the police department on an unrelated charge. It was two weeks old and was about a

NYPD raid on two of Umbers' buildings in which were discovered treasure troves of porn movies, photos, books and mags.

Umbers tells the cops he is surrendering because things are just too hot. Real reason, say know-men, is that Umbers didn't want to be implicated in the robbery planned for the next day.

But he is released on \$2,000 bail. According to the information, the senior Mafia members share was to have been 50%, or

\$75,000-100,000. The other 50% was to have been divided among the five robbers, three of whom chickened out.

The robbery is cocked up. Which leaves us now with no Mike Umbers, and a lot of worried gay people, trying to figure out how the whole caper relates to gay liberation, and what, if anything, they can do about it, and about the fact that most of the gay bars they frequent are controlled by the Gambinos.

# And now, from the heart of America's fashionable Firesign Theatreland...

New York, a week under my depressingly undiminished belt. Still alive. Still groovin'. Still wandering around under the image assault. Still thinking that I have this column to get together and worry-worry desperately because although I realise that whatever I put down on my trusty onion skin paper will seem OK and possibly even interesting to the folks back home, the pure fact of actually being here makes me terrified of lashing out with the glib generalisations which, I assure you, will embarrass me one hundred percent in a couple of weeks, let alone months. That's why I don't really know where to start. What do I give you first: the gossip—some genius with plenty of dollars to spare has put out an eight page parody of Rolling Stone, entitled Ruling Stooze, a parody so perfect (a maze of right hand pages cluttered with drink ads that make you realize why so many people loathe the thing here), and whose origin is presumed to be A&M Records, some members of the flourishing National Lampoon, or, say the cynics, even RS itself.

Or maybe the rundown on that popular street pastime: personalised graffiti. Never scrawled higher than the reach of a twelve year old kid, everyone has their name on anything that moves, like trucks, subway trains, buses, and plenty of things that don't, like walls and buildings. 'Felipe 14' or 'Tony 125' or whatever—the name and street number for all to see. Not that the mayor and corporation go for the graffiti too heavily—laws are under way to prohibit the sale of spray paint cans to anyone under 18, and chunky hassles for anyone who's caught with one outside that limit. Canyadigit?

Or there's always the media. As a paid-up card-carrying member of Media-Freex & Conspicuous the temptation to get into the redneck syndrome—sixpack of Budweiser from Miguel's the friendly neighbourhood PR grocery, the TV turned to Channel 9 and hour after hour of ball games—base, not and foot—is superhigh. I mean, those ads. 'Humphrey' Bogart leans across the screen, in the background 'Sam' plays his piano, 'Ingrid Bergman' murmurs, and Casablanca lives once more, with surrogate stars to sell surrogate beauty—some aftershave lotion. And the sport, redneck or not. The clicano pitcher on the baseball team winds up, in the stands a theatre organ amplifies the chords of the Entrance of the Gladiators to urge him on. Now it's football, the guys are pounding down the pitch, another organ gives us 'William Tell', and the pompom girls writhe harder. Though the programmes are soon revealed for what they are, no more than breaks between the ads. 'Abigail—the doll that says anything you want—whenever you pull her string' .... 'When Mac Tabb was mugged in his store it meant six weeks in traction—but Mac's happy: he was covered by our policy' .... the ads churn on, commodity, political, public service



THE MAYFLOWER, IN WHICH THE PILGRIM FATHERS VOYAGED TO AMERICA. On September 6th, 1620, the Mayflower, a vessel of 160 tons, spread her sails from Plymouth harbour, carrying forty-one men and their families, 102 persons in all. It had been decided to make the passage, in the company of the Speedwell, but the captain of the latter lost courage, with the result that the Mayflower made the voyage alone.



PILGRIM FATHERS SIGNING THE COMPACT IN THE CABIN OF THE MAYFLOWER. Two days after casting anchor at Cape Cod, Massachusetts, the famous compact was drawn up and duly signed by the leaders of the small band of Puritans in the cabin of the Mayflower. The compact agreed, among many other things, to 'constitute just and equal laws, that shall be thought most meet for the general good of the colony'.

Any thoughts of one's own intelligence are soon nullified. Chop everything up into segments and no-one has to make any effort. Marous of the world get together, you're nothing to lose but your sensitivity.

And so it goes. Impact. Whammo. Look, wonder and wander on. 'There were nine homicides last night in New York City,' states the news, or as they put it on Channel 7, 'The Six O'Clock Corporation', 'but that's no record ...' There were, in fact, 1320 murders in the city last year, as the self congratulatory oh so sincere candidate for local elections informs us. There were also no more than 50 murder convictions, but that is another story. It

is, without a doubt, a tough town. A worthy environment for its every myth and not a few of the facts. It's true: you don't walk on Avenue D in the daytime, and let's not even bother to think about the night. And Harlem, well, a couple of years back it was really fine, and where better to go for some top-grade dope, but now, just yo' ass out of their mother. Just keep it out. Which is a frightening and barely comprehensible concept for this naive lad. Here we are, in the capital of the world, in the richest country in that world, and there are areas into which one simply dare not go. And that means none of you. Veterans of the Lower East Side, who've moved around those rundown blocks for years, whose eyes don't exactly moisten over the old days, but still remember the heydays of a

Jonathon Green, IT feature writer, flew to New York last week leaving one Nazi feature and the promise of a fortnightly column floating in the jet exhaust. Three days before copydate the following missile arrived, with a terse note to the effect that it had started life as a letter, but ought to suffice as the first column. Tom Wolfe, incidentally, did this with his first article for Esquire. Take care, Jonathon.

constructive community, advise you against that funk-filled ghetto. Somewhere around 1st Avenue is a psychic barrier. Further east and you're on your own. But let's not overdo it. If you put your head in the lion's mouth he may well snap it shut. If you keep it out, then don't spend precious time worrying about chances you're not going to take. Keep your eyes open, and who knows, you might even enjoy the place if you're not too careful.

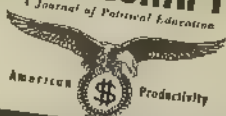
And remember, if you venture into Edge City, or at least this version of it, you aren't there for a rest-cure. Unlike our own dear London, NY has still got some living to do, and do it it will. If that requires a little more energy expenditure, if it means that it is a city not yet immersed in its dotage, whose main efforts are not consecrated to a desperate search for past glories, then that's how it is. 'New York—We're All In It Together' proclaims one banker's ad. The twin towers of the world's highest building so far, the World Trade Centre, tower over tenements that were scummy by the first world war and these days are best left to roaches and rats. It's as if progress is zooming so speedily that none remembers to clean up behind. The Dylan images rush thick and fast: after all, why play albums when two blocks away is Grand Street, where, as you may recall, 'neon madmen play.' And put down that dogeared copy of the Godfather, round the corner is Mulberry Street, where flesh and blood Mafioso Crazy Joe Gallo scarfed his final bowl of clams. Sure, London is full of recognisable images, everyone can flock to them and enjoy. But here it's images of today and tomorrow, not the past. The nearest things to the past are the ghettos: Chinatown, Mott Street which in five blocks encompasses the essence of the Orient and the European throwbacks of Little Italy. Delancey Street where old Jews live lives that only differ from the Old Country in their geographical positioning. 14th Street, so Puerto Rican that you might as well be there. Everyone subscribing hard to the American Dream.

What else can I tell you? Unravelling my own experiences day by day is enough hassles. Entrusting all these superficial assessments, gleaned from a mere seven days in Fun City (as Mayor Lindsay apparently persists in calling it) to print may help me with the puzzle but quite possibly comes over as mixed up as it all seems. A terrible admission for a fledgling columnist, but nonetheless factual. Oh yeah, entrust this to your vicarious experience data bank: if this place has a motto it might well be this—Life's a big enough hassle as it is, why make it any harder. In other words, why go down the supermarket eight times for pints of milk, just grab yourself one of those big gallon cartons. The subways flash on faster, the buses more frequent, the phone booths sprout more often. The 'Why Bother?' syndrome takes on a new meaning. It's not so much who gives a fuck, but why cause yourself unnecessary problems. Life may have more jagged edges, but in so many ways it cuts plenty of irritating corners. (An appalling literary image, if ever I've seen one).



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APRIL 1947

JOHN ACORD - Patriot for Profit

THE RESISTANCE

[illegible]

McGovern—First Communist President?

**Whites Losing Jobs Under EEOC Law**

**Sen. Gambrell Voted  
For EEOC Civil Rights Bill**

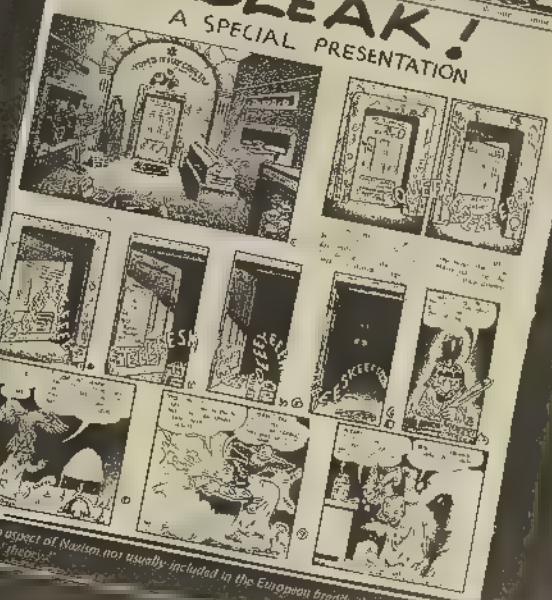


"...the publicity and propaganda machine of the National States Rights Party... on the right is the latest and best by none other than Henry Ford."

# Ein Volk, Ein Reich, Ein Führer!

An investigation into the current levels of housing vacancy on the local

WHITE YOUTH ALLIANCE  
THE  
**RACIALIST**











BY NICK LANDAU

And how many of you know that during the last fortnight, our own personal deity Stan Lee, has been cavorting around England on and off the box, radio and the other media, promoting his new product—the one and only original 'Marvel Comic' the new British comic that 99% of us would rather 'get Good'. Stan made last feature on the October 4th edition of 'Midweek' (BBC 1) and was interviewed by someone who knew nothing (and cared less) about comics. "Do you think that comics are detrimental to the young child, Mr Lee?"

OK, so while yapping about goings on in GB, I mention some of the comic and orientated things that are published over here, that you can actually go out and buy rather than the mags that I usually talk about for which you either have to wait nine months or can never get at all. The last couple of months have seen a rise in the amount of material published in this country—some interesting, and some well... Penguin Books have just brought out 'Superslave' by B. Stair and Tony Burrell. The story is told simultaneously at two levels: one on a puerile level, and the other on a more esoteric level, thus allowing several interpretations, but because you have two texts both

telling the same story at once, it's practically impossible to read straight through (and yet one supplements the other). And the artwork (that tends to be fairly low level, with occasional flashes of brilliance). The alternate pages of black and white and colour do not mix well, and the whole story should have been told either one way or the other. Ed Badajos' 'Fighting Food' (Olympia Press) however, is a different matter. Although more expensive (£1.20 as opposed to 70p) and at times looking like a cross between 'The Beano' and some of Ron Cobb's art, it is a lot smoother and more pleasing to the eye. But this has no text and the basic story is reiterated several times, each time with a very different outcome. Both these books are pretty original, for this country at least, and I'd like to see them doing well, but I feel that perhaps they will be thought to be a little too 'revolutionary' in their concepts. In comparison, John Kent's 'Varoomshka' (Eyre Methuen, £1.25) whose strips (a terrible pun) appear in the Guardian every Monday, is real establishment stuff. New 'bits' have been drawn into this highly political and exhibitionistic

newspaper strip which tends to concentrate more on a bit of the other than politics, but this doesn't matter since the politics have long been out of date and one feels that they don't have any relevance any more.

Meanwhile back in the States, Marvel seem to be increasing the number of their titles at a fantastic rate. For the cover date of January 1973 they wrote up 43 books as opposed to DC's 27. Much of this is due to the fact that they've pushed a lot of their stuff into a monthly slot, whereas DC have preferred to keep to a bi-monthly one. Also a good proportion are reprint books. But there's no denying that they'll have 6 new titles cover-dated Dec-Jan. Namely 'Supernatural Thrillers' (new stuff), 'Shanna the She-Devil', 'Crypt of Shadows' (reprint), 'War is Hell' (Oh, no, not another 'reprint'), 'Tex Dawson-Gunslinger' (man, are they good on those original titles) and 'The Monster of Frankenstein' (whom they've already promised not to set against their superhero line-up).

Right, so you've only just seen that Barry Smith is back again on 'Conan' (as of No 19) but apparently he may well

want out again as from no 23. The chances are even at this stage. And currently under production from Marvel are a whole series of fill-in books done by extras in case the original artist gets sick or behind schedule (so you could see an issue of Conan done by John Buxton, Daredevil done by Syd Shores, Capt. America by Alan Weiss and so on).

Apparently Thorpe & Porter have decided to distribute the Eros books after all. But please don't take this as gospel, in case they change their minds again. Eros's 'Weird Worlds' (John Carter and Penzance) the first issue of which you haven't seen yet, may get the chop as from no. 4 if sales don't pick up. Just thought you might like to know. And how about this for turnabouts: Staranko's currently working on the first issue of the Shadow for National. Bernie Wrightson didn't have time to do the first issue, so Jim filled in.

And don't forget the Xmas comic war. December 2nd, Lyndhurst Rd, Warden Road, Kentish Town, is free. Perhaps even Conan, Neo-Adams, Ted Heath and Bernie. He Bolt will turn up to amuse us as they did at Comicor '72.

Once upon a time there was an organisation called the Independent Television Authority, the ITA.

It's most commonly known responsibility was the granting of operating licences to the various programming contractors. In this much, it saw its role as that of a public watchdog, the official judge of a company's programme output. And if its arms really were the improvement of television programmes on the Independent Television channels, then who could question its existence?

And in the light of its transformation into the Independent Broadcasting Authority with the accompanying enlargement of its jurisdiction to cover commercial radio, it is important to look clearly at what its true function is.

To that effect, I would postulate that the ITA and now the IBA are no more than another link in the chain of command and control which links broadcasting output to the small group of men who control this country.

It is a political chameleon whose only loyalty lies with those who wish to control the media and transform the people of Britain into malleable putty (living under the illusion that they are better informed and more aware than their predecessors).

And it is in this light that one has to examine the statement of political new-

# KLICK!

GORDIAN TROELLER



vality of the IBA. Sure, if one only considers a very narrow spectrum (within which the three main parties are snugly, then one must admit that the IBA do a very good job of levelling issues and making the whole political scene so boring that the viewer ceases to be interested, and consequently no longer cares nor questions what the men in power are doing, to him!

This passion for moderation and confining of man's fantasy is carried through into the realms of drama, light entertainment, personality chat shows. In these the IBA will object to the language, sexual content, the violence, without ever hitting out at some of the subtler and more dangerous values which other programmes hold up to the light and praise. I mentioned some of these in the first Klick!

And so it will be with radio. Yet another area of communication will be in the hands of an arch conservative organisation which will always do so in the direction of its masters and therefore their values. No way can the present structure of broadcasting in Britain continue as it is. It must be overthrown so that true freedom of the air can be ours again. Ride with us on the waves of change.



My boyfriends  
have Jeff-  
Do you?



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## THE GREAT FRISCO QUAKE

Great Marlborough Street WI now has its very own earthquake hamburgers of vast size and variety can be found any day of the week causing explosions of burping delight in one's digestion tubes. And when someone, anyone, invites a hungry fat slobber like myself to come and sample the goods then boy ain't about to turn that one down.

A couple of Schlitz beers later starters made way in the nestlines for the ylb white house burger served by one truly fine waitress cream cheese covered burger big, oh yes, sesame seeded buns, side salad well dressed, plenty of fries, all the proper pickles, boy did my taste buds go wild burp. But when they dished up the fudge cake with hot buttered fudge sauce I'm afraid the cleaners had to be called out to mop up large puddles of saliva that seeped from my very mouth. A coffee milk shake followed by another half dozen Schlitz finished me off hick. I'd managed to QD on food yet again.

The name of the game is 'The Great Frisco Quake' and run by the charming Mr Norman whose dad called staff to it that everyone who enters the front door leaves the same way but with the contented smile that only a good meal can bring.

## CREAM ONIONS

2 large onions

Cut into thin slices and arrange in a baking dish. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and cover over with cream. Bake at medium heat until tender. Serves about 4.

## JADE COCKTAIL

1 cup grapefruit juice  
1 tablespoon parsley  
3 green lettuce leaves  
1 tablespoon water cress leaves  
1 tablespoon celery leaves

Pour juice and greens in blender and liquefy. Chill and serve fresh (serves 2).

## BATTY BETTUCE LETTUCE

3 small hearts of lettuce  
2 tablespoons butter  
salt pepper  
nutmeg

1 tablespoon lemon juice  
Soak lettuce hearts in cold water for about 1 hour. Drain off water and tie firmly together with string. Cook for 10 minutes in boiling salted water. Drain and remove string. Melt butter in frying pan, add lettuce sprinkle with salt pepper and nutmeg and cook slowly for about 1/2 hour. Remove from heat and pour on lemon juice. Serves 2.

## THE FIG

'The fig tree is one of our most wonderful trees. It has many valuable medicinal properties. Both the leaves and the fruit are used. Split open the fresh ripe fruit and lay on a boil or carbuncle. It will give relief. The fruit is mildly laxative and one of the most delicious

fruits. When the fruit is broken off the tree before it is ripe, a milk escapes which has wonderful healing properties. It may be put on sores or boils, if this milk is put freely on warts it removes them. A tea made of the leaves will take the spots off the face or body. The tea is also excellent to wash old sores. The leaves boiled in crisco make an excellent ointment. Where the flesh has turned black and blue from bruises or blows bathing with the warm tea brings about the circulation and carries away the discoloration. Snuff the tea up the nose when there are difficulties in the nostrils or sin. The tea is also good dropped in the ear for pain in the ear but it must be lukewarm. It is also very excellent when there have been bites of poisonous insects. Good for a mouthwash and to gargle with, for hoarseness, sore throat and bad breath. It is good for any kind of lung trouble, as asthma and bronchitis. A splendid medicine for dropsy, spasms, and fits. A syrup made of figs makes a very excellent cough medicine. It can be used alone or with a little lemon added. Take a pound of figs, cut them up, put them in a quart of water, simmer for a few minutes, put them in a cheese cloth and squeeze out all the juice possible, add the juice of two lemons and a little honey if desired. This makes an excellent cough remedy. Of the leaves take one heaping teaspoonful (cut 1 net) to a cup of boiling water. Drink 3 or 4 times a day one hour before meals.

('Back to Eden' Jethro Kloss)

## TOMATO SAUCE

6 lbs ripe red tomatoes  
2 level tablespoons salt  
2 cooking apples  
1/2 lb onions  
6 oz sugar  
1/2 pint vinegar  
1 dessertspoon pepper  
1 teaspoon ground cloves  
1 teaspoon ground mace

Wipe and skin tomatoes, lay them on a dish and sprinkle with salt. Leave for about 1 hour. Wipe apples, quarter and core and chop roughly. Chop the onions, put them both in the pan with sugar, vinegar and spices. Bring to boil and add tomatoes. Simmer gently for 2 hours by which time mixture should be pulpy and well flavoured. Pass through a sieve, return to the cleaned pan and continue this simmer for 1/2 hour until fairly thick. The sauce when cold must not be so thick that it can't be poured out of bottles. When sauce is right consistency thin pour into sauce bottles.

## HAM AND EGG DUMPLINGS

1 lb ham  
4 eggs  
1 tsp flour  
3 slices bread  
fat

Chop or mince the ham, beat the eggs thoroughly, mix the eggs and ham well together. Now add bread into crumbs and add them together with flour to the egg and ham mixture to make a thick paste. Make the paste into balls about the size of pigeon's eggs. Heat fat until boiling and fry the ham egg balls in it for 4-5 minutes, until golden brown.



Classified advertisements in IT cost 10p per word (companies) or 5p per word (individuals). Box numbers 50p extra. Ads for pads are free. Send your ad-together with cheque or postal order made out to 'Bloom (Publications) Ltd-to Joy, IT, 11b Wardour Mews, London W1, to reach us not later than 8 days before date of publication.

## PERSONAL

AMERICAN film director, mature but refreshingly off-beat, coming to London very soon, wishes early contacts with unconventional, sex-permeated chicks for various roles in uninhibited sexy underground series of films. No starring roles in scripts, but many exciting kinky parts to be cast. Particular rewarding openings for imaginative lesbians and bondage discipline or other fetish practices of girlfriends who enjoy being spanked etc. Also one opening for straight chick with longest hair. Send recent dated snap on clear details a sex-perfected and ambitions in first letter including unpadding measurements and personal reasons for responding to this unusual opportunity for glamour fame. Answers in strict order of postmarks. BOX 38.

WELL SPOKE's freaks 7/22 for interesting, comfortable sales work. Good pay. Paid scene. Croydon area. 684 8769.

WITCHES, magicians, circles, occult temples, etc. Worldwide introductions. SAE 'Vagabond The Golden Wheel, Liverpool 15.

GUY '23 withdrawn, kind, sensitive, interested in mysticism seeks genuine relationship with gentle quiet affectionate girl. Philip 11 Austen Road, Guildford Surrey.

YOUNG chick 118 wishes to leave home to get a job. Can't afford much bread so would like to find a friend who would like to share and pay half the rent. Fitzgibbon Park area, Crouch End or Muswell Hill. Mary c/o Mr A Charlesworth 12 Victoria Road, Winton N4.

MALE physique studio. Send SAE for lists of rings and photos. MPS, 104a Boundary Road, London NW8.

TWO young male models. Enquire work. P.O. 16 Augusta Road, Arden Green, Birmingham 27.

GA's small ads are alive and well and living in Jeffrey Magazine every month. Ask for it at your shop, only 18p. Or by post for 30p. Jeffrey 44 Ears Court Road, London W9.

33 YEAR OLD transvestite with silk fetish incl. gay. Both sign. Cancel seeks permanent relationship with gentle under-standing girl. 23-33 Cancer Libra, Capricorn, Scorpio or Pisces. Preferably slim dusky Anglo Indian/Eurasian who loves wearing long romantic dresses/skirts etc. (hills at her bustling career of silks). My hobbies/interests: sub-aqua, photography and making dress making, book-keeping, hifi, ornithology, wildlife, lakes, long dark hair, honesty. Dislikes: hot/cold, wigs, false eye-lashes, heavy eye makeup, long painted finger nails, pale lipstick, dancing, blood sports, smokes. BOX 180/1.

GAY young man reads 'Joy' magazine.

AIRFORCE alone seeks loving girl. Exciting men guaranteed. BOX 40/2.

BRUSH or Janssen sold to highest bidder. Write: Janie Thomas, 5 High Bannerdown, Bathaston, Bath.

GAYEST nude boys magazine £1. Lists SAE Johnny, BM/BBH, London W1 v 8XX.

GAY GUY 25 Bristol seeks younger friends (over 18) anywhere. Photo essential. BOX 140/3.

COME to Greece. Writer/photographer seeks attractive young (over 18) male companion model for visit to Greece and tour of Europe. All expenses paid. Photograph appreciated and will be returned. BOX 40/4.

MOVEMENT classes in Wembley includes keep fit, yoga and breathing exercises. Come and get your spine straight, your breathing right and your weight down. Phone Chelene 804 1433.

ADRIAN Gay is still looking for outstanding models for magazines etc. He also has a large selection of photos etc. lists on request. State requirements and send SAE to BOX 40/5.

## PADS

CHEERFUL and uncomplicated young (gay) guy (over 18) seeking fun, board invited to share company in self-contained pad with one other. Newly built block based on a new tube. Own car park, retail facilities. Ty. Stereo, etc. 373 4804.

GIRL for 2 share a good flat with good bloke (24) in bath. BOX 140/7.

SINGLE room in attractive flat contained garden flat, NW. Tel. phone £6 inclusive. Might suit writer or person seeking quiet to work. 624 4323.

YOUNG bisexual guy wants to share his bed with a chick or guy. No rent to pay. No hang-ups. Someone answer, please. Find out more up here. Steve Flax 5, 29 Fitzwilliam Street, Retford Notts.

## BUY/SELL

ROBERT Zimmerman. Those early great years recorded highlights, if his career send for details to Sheila Chiswick, 83 Grove Street, Walslow, Cheshire.

BARRY McGuire (Eve of Destruction LP, Repetition and the Coloured Coat, Jaded LP. And any coloured LP/singls wanted.) 3 Galsnel 4a Penryn Street, Redruth, Cornwall.

FRONTAL nude male photo £1. BOX 40/6.

'In His Own White' Letters, Poems, etc. of Bob Dylan, 50p. Dave Hogg, 5 Grosvenor Road, Newcastle, Staffs.

BUY sell exchange any LPs, singles. Send records or details with SAE to Gbriell, 4a Penryn Street, Redruth, Cornwall.

THE FREE MUSICAL COMMUNICATIONS CORNER is delayed this issue owing to lack of space. All ads received will appear next time.



# a country walk

BY JOY FARREN



There is a delight in solitary walking. A sense of freedom. Properly equipped the solitary traveller is the most independent of earth's inhabitants. You don't have to disappear for weeks—even in a day, hike in quiet enough country will give you a sense of freedom never found in the city. The light. If you've had the previous artless vision, you'd have a good idea of the basics needed to comfort and survival. Don't add anything unnecessarily. Bedding, shelter food and something to prepare it in, and what you can carry easily in your pockets. An thing else is excess weight.

So meeting easily forgotten is the difference between walking in the city and walking in the country. In town we tend to walk with rather rigid hips, toes pointing outwards and heels striking. It is generally an ill poised gait because one's weight falls on the heel alone. A woodsman should walk with a rolling motion, his hips swing to the sleeping side. A right side where a townsman normally takes short steps for a secure balanced walk. The feet should be pointed forward seven-eighths inwards. In this way the inside of the foot, the outside of the ball of the foot and the small toes all do their share and assist in balancing. One is less likely to trip over roots and stones walking this way. The woodsman walks with a springy knee action. When you are walking uphill go slowly and steadily. Don't bother trying to keep up with the show offs. If you cannot talk without catching your breath you are trying to walk too fast. My inability to walk uphill is used to upsurge. I would desperately try to keep up and consequently make myself very out of breath. Finally I learn to go at my own pace. It always caught up on the straight. On a steep slope descend sideways, so that the whole length of the foot can be planted fairly on any available hold. On unpleasant steep slopes have found that a controlled breathing helps. Breathe in with one foot and out with the other. Also breathe more deeply.

There are times, when the road seems unnecessarily long, boring or just plain difficult that you may wish you had never left your cosy home. This is the time for daydreaming, a-way's remembering to alert the early warning area of your brain in case of unexpected obstacles, and you can then walk or

climb comparatively easily. Extroverts may prefer to play word games. When you feel like having a rest, take one and enjoy it. Slip off your pack and if your boots or shoes are in any way uncomfortable, slip them off too. Gaze into the sky and let it away on a cloud. Look around. Explore. That hedge isn't just a boundary between the road and the field. It's full of life, animal and plant. After a rest, don't try and start out again as fast as a pace otherwise you may lose all the benefit of your rest.



himself. He was he really but cannot be happily walked in.

The wind is the great weather changer bringing and taking away rains and thunders. Clouds are another guide. Big fluffy ones usually mean fair weather, but if they join together and blow upwards, high thin clouds generally contain ice particles. When they within the sky or their mares all reach upwards, a storm can be expected within 24 hours. Spindly clouds come in waves or layers. If they are smooth and regular the weather will probably be fair but cool. If they are mottled or fragmented a storm is usually on the way.

During thunderstorms avoid high open exposed slopes or hills, isolated or unusually tall trees, lakes, meadows or open fields. The safest though not the best viewing places, are caves and parts of a forest where the trees are comparatively short. Every 5 seconds in time between flash and boom means a mile in distance from you.

Some weather lore. A red sky or sun in the morning indicates nearby rain.

Mackerel sky and mares tails

Makes lofty ships to carry low sails

A red evening sky means that rain within 24 hours is unlikely.

A grey morning sky (dry rain above) the haze caused by dew on the dust particles could mean a fair day.

A grey morning sky (dry rain above) the haze caused by dew on the dust particles could mean a fair day.

Rainbow (or red sky) in the morning shepherd's warning.

Rainbow (or red sky) at night shepherd's delight.

usually the weather is going to make a difference to the enjoyment of your walk. However, it is quite prepared.

In the mountains, the sight of rising morning mist is a good indication of clear weather.

In air weather, air currents flow down streams and hillsides in the early morning and start drifting back towards sunset. A revealing warning of a nearing storm.

A night sky alive with stars is a good sign.

When sound travel more distinctly you can hear distant noises easily. Watch out for storms.

People with the imagination will always tell you when bad weather is approaching.

A ring around the sun or moon is a warning of bad weather.

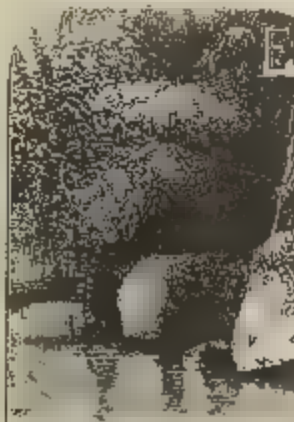
Seaweed lying on a wall warns harsh and dry in fine weather, pliable when rain is coming.

The Scarlet Pimpernel is extremely sensitive to changes in the air, opening when darkness is as dark as rain approaches.

Animal rain warnings, whether true or not, include geese cackling, crickets chirping, asses braying, cocks crowing, frogs croaking and ducks quacking. Spiders emerge from their webs, fish rise to the surface in the stream. The cat washes its face carefully, particularly around the ears and face.

Before a storm, there may sometimes be heard high up in the trees, a short sharp movement of wind which follows the trees in a curious succession of distinct taps.

Cows are said to lie down when it is going to rain, in order to keep themselves a dry coat of rest in on the remainder of the day.



very wet and timber must be prepared for descending as well as being relaxed, try and control your centre of gravity so that if you or fall it will be backwards into a sliding position.

Unfortunately however careful you are things can go wrong. If you do get lost or injured there are many ways of signalling for help. Select the one that is best for you and your own particular problem. A fire makes one of the better ways of attracting attention. To make smoke more conspicuous in daylight add every even boughs to the fire. Build more than one fire if possible, a recognised

distress signal is three fires in a row. Most universally recognised distress signals are based on the number three. Three shots, and the familiar three dots of the SOS signal.

Don't rely on one method, use everything you can think of. Screams, shouts, sign language, whistles, flags, mirrors. Break things if you have to, no one is going to mind if you are trapped some where. Flags can be made from any material, not needed for clothing or shelter. Fly them from sticks, trees, trees etc.

When using noise as a signal remember to shout only if likely to be heard otherwise you're using up energy unnecessarily. If you decide to shout or bang tins together or whistle, always pause between noise to hear shouts from any possible rescuers.

Never give up or despair, remember the human race is of the whole a curious species which will investigate anything unusual. If a problem when you need help is not something sufficient unusual enough to have environment, it will be ignored.



he doesn't and remember that a response is not the country de No even cigarette ends should be thrown away. Nothing is lost.

Worse than a catastrophe is tried with discarded objects. Before your move on, take some time to try and make your site appealing. I had never been used. Collect a combination of metal and metal and pack in a garbage bag. Fill the firepit if any and hide the blackened rocks. Raw garbage or spoiled food can be scattered around in the brush for animals and insects to dispose of. Any garbage that will burn should be burnt. Take your unburnable garbage with you and find a tin bin. Whatever you do always clear up any broken glass. Whatever you feel about other walkers, you owe it to the animals.

Try not to damage anything in your walks: crops, wild flowers, or woodlands. The real point of walking and camping is not exercise but learning, seeing and being happy. It's no miles travelled but the impressions gathered that are important. The growing ability to distinguish between the cry of the thrush and the song of the blackbird. To be able to gaze across deserted fields and hills and know there is still peace and beauty in the world.



# ROCK

**JOHN & YOKO LENNON  
PLASTIC ONO BAND  
ELEPHANTS MEMORY**  
'Some Time in New York City'  
(Apple)

At last, unleashed upon the English, after some legal bulldozing, comes the Lennon's Do It blues, and it's all good stirring stuff. Double album, one side live at the Fillmore East with the Mothers of Invention, and the Lyceum, with the Plastic Ono Band featuring the talents of Hopkins, Clapton, Moon, Harrison, etc.; the other being Some Time in New York City, and it's all in there! Angela Davis, Ireland, Women's Lib, John Sinclair, prisons. It's interesting to realise how heavily featured Yoko is, in fact she's written more material here than Lennon, and sings more than we've ever heard before, "Sisters O Sisters" being her best track, beautiful tune, right catchy and "We're All Water" where she blows it on the phrasing. One can feel the Japanese influence unleashed on Western rock culture.

Lennon is great, no one else could possibly put out an album like this and score. It's all pouring out his heart and soul rendering blues, then he screams about people and the times. A lotta soul, this boy yer know! "The Luck of the Irish" sounds so bloody Irish to me it could just be Blind Bob of Finches doing it. Each song has the right and proper approach, "John Sinclair", with Lennon on slide National, so simple and to the point. Sinclair is now a free man, but who gives a shit. He could be singing about you or some coke dealer.

"We're jailed for what he done?"  
Representing everyone  
Free John now, if we can.  
From the clutches of the man  
Let him free, Lift the lid  
"Right on"

"The entire world is a musical instrument, the pole of the world celestial is intersected where this heavenly chord is divided by the spiritual sun. Earthly music is an echo of this cosmic harmony. It is a relic of heaven."

DAVE 'BOSS' GOODMAN

**THE SUNDOWN PLAYBOYS**  
'Saturday Night Special'  
(Apple)

The big news in Ville Platte and Opelousa, Louisiana, at the moment is the release of Apple Records of The Sundown Playboys single 'Saturday Night Special', a real honest to gumbo Cajun tune, wild fiddles, accordion and real French lyrics. The story behind this unusual event goes thus: earlier this year the Sundown Playboys recorded their first single for sometime on the local Swallow label owned by Floyd Soleil. After the record was cut Pat Savant, the band's on-stage accordionist sent a letter plus a copy of the single to the London Apple offices to see what sort of reaction the Beatles would have to Cajun music.

Naturally enough when George and Ringo heard it one day this summer they dug it and decided to put it out on Apple then and there if they could secure the rights. Several phone calls and letters later it was out and it is

now apparently beginning to break big in Los Angeles. It will be released in this country on November 10.

The record itself isn't half bad, good rollicking Fols Do music and who knows, it may even serve to brighten up Bottom of the Drops for the unfortunate millions who still pay attention to their TVs on Thursday nights. The Playboys themselves are anything if not realistic, two of them work in an Oil Refinery, two attend school, one sells candy and one sells groceries. If the ex-Beatles are going to get into the ethnic music market we could eventually see them scouring the remotest parts of the backyards of the USA for talent. Watch out Okies here they come.

CHRIS ROWLEY

**JOHN SURMAN**  
'Swistering Home  
(Island)

As the title suggests, Scotland. This time of year a cold misty whistful Autumnal place, which at the beginning of the album seems to set the mood for the record. But it isn't too mournful. Surman plays alto, tenor and baritone saxes, bass, piano, oboe, glock, cymbals, the bloody lot, and manages to avoid the usual pitfall of a lot of multi-instrumental solo albums by instead of producing a lot of boring long wads of disorientation producing a very busy but tight and flowing set of his own compositions.

Each of the compositions have a completeness to them so often absent in much freeform music. This may be due to the basic 'Jazz' feel, reminiscent of Jimmy Gifford, but the 'Jazz on a Summersay' sound is beautifully counterbalanced by the synthesizer and the extensive use of melody; the absence of which, in a lot of works in this genre, drives many people to hit the reject button.

I haven't heard a record as good for years. The playing and use of the different kinds of textures the instruments have, builds up these harmonies right through the album so that by the end you have a completely satisfied feel with all those melodies still going round in your head. The way each piece progresses effectively, but somehow it ain't really very exciting. Let's hope that their next album is better, or even that they manage to get it back together with that of 'demon Zappa an' produce some stronger smelling meat.

If you think you can't get into jazz or freeform music, go and get this album, listen to it and be pleasantly surprised by having your head turned round a little and by digging that this cat can whip it out as well as Underwood and still produce wailing whistful romantic sounds to make you laugh and smile and dream. Hope he has another album planned soon.

GES COX

**MARK VOLMAN AND  
HOWARD KAYLAN**  
'Fluorescent Lauch and Eddie'  
(WEA)

Dee de ba boys what stirred the shit for Zappa as the vocalists out front of the 1971/2 Mothers



"The entire world is a musical instrument..."

Road Show, forever immortalised on two albums "Fillmore East" and "Just Another Band From L.A.". Naturally enough I expected great gusty, blood-stirring music, the kind that can grab your gonads and rub sweat into the bags under your eyes. However Philo and Eddie aren't moving in those areas here, this is like a return to Turtles music with a feed through the Mothers instrumental machine. There's some pleasant harmony work here and the band (also ex-Mothers) swoops and whoops pretty effectively, but somehow it ain't really very exciting. Let's hope that their next album is better, or even that they manage to get it back together with that of 'demon Zappa an' produce some stronger smelling meat.

CHRIS ROWLEY

**BOZ SCAGGS**  
(Atlantic)

Not an internationally successful man, but he and his music do command a certain amount of respect. Formerly guitarist with the legendary Steve Miller Band, you remember 'Sailor', etc., with his guitar blowing out through the Lesley cabinets, none of that on this record, just a fine collection of well produced, non-experimental moods, recorded at 3514 Jackson Highway, Muscle Shoals, Alabama, the quality just has to be good.

The band is largely a collection of session men, not the

cooking sidemen he bought to England a few months back. The late Duane Allman slides down his guitar, Barry Beckett moves you to relaxation on keyboards, smart horns and luscious lady back-up vocals all add up to a very relaxed feel, stand out tracks could be 'Loan Me A Dime', 'I'll Be Long Gone', 'Sweet Release'. Definitely an album for the smoochers, and dope smokers who lie on floors and never shake an ass. Nice stuff.

DAVE 'BOSS' GOODMAN

**JOHN FAHEY & HIS  
ORCHESTRA**  
'Of Rivers And Religion'  
(Elektra) (Import: WEA)

John Fahey, the American Natural Guitarist, the only fitting description really, has graduated over the years from the original self pressings on his own label 'Takoma Records' to a full scale production release from WEA amongst their voluminous new Elektra package. Fahey has an amazing ability to hit the spaces between notes, to establish perfect simple lines, to slow down familiar songs and add class to simplicity. Simplicity but at the same time perfection.

This album finds him exploring a number of old American tunes and inventing a few of his own that just seem to fit perfectly with the period flavour of the whole record. The time for this stuff seems to be somewhere like 1870, the Civil

# 'N'ROLL

War is over, the slaves are free but are rapidly being stripped of any real freedom, the whole of America is bursting with new directions, peoples, ideas, the Wild West has discovered the Colt 45 and that steamboat is 'Gwine round the bend'. A very gentle beautiful record, goes well with a quiet Sunday afternoon, a few beers, a game or two of pool, a joint, y'know the trap.

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MICHAEL J.

**ELVIS PRESLEY**  
'Burning Love'  
(RCA)

I don't know, what the fuck can I write about Elvis Presley? What can you say about a new Elvis Presley single? The only thing that always gets me wondering about Elvis Presley is, what is Elvis Presley's drug habit? Elvis Presley never lets on, old boy Parker never lets on, hey, what's fucking Parker's drug habit man? Ahem, you don't get no kinda cue from Elvis Presley's latest single, either, 'cept maybe he comes on like Jagger in parts.

It's great to hear Elvis Presley churning out a fast one for once. Elvis Presley feels his temperature rising, Elvis Presley feels the flames licking his body, and boy has Elvis Presley gotta hunka-hunka burning love for you girls, I like Elvis Presley, I like Elvis Presley's new single, I don't know what else to say about Elvis Presley, 'cept that I really do wonder what drugs Elvis Presley takes!

DAVE 'BOSS' GOODMAN

**CAT STEVENS**  
'Catch Bull at Four'  
(Island)

The thing that is immediately striking about this LP, as compared to his previous trio, is the heaviness, the increased weight of accompaniment,

whiter status, and backed up by drums and bass. Jimmy Reed was popular at the time of these recordings, hence the line-up, but here the comparison ends, as there is none of the repetitiveness that palls so quickly on Reed. There is not a bad track here, and the pace and mood are varied.

His name comes from the fact of him being an albino Negro (how's that to blow your mind!). Plano Red and Speckled Red likewise got their names. He was born in Alabama, but most of his life was spent in New York. He recorded briefly for so we are led to believe in Detroit in the early 50s, under the name of Playboy Fuller, and did not become Louisiana Red until a decade later, back in New York. His real name was Benson Minter (I). The album recorded at that time (this one virtually) caused stirrings in many circles, and approbation from all but the buying public it seems (where have we heard all this before?). Brief attempts were made at mass acceptance later, but amazingly and tragically he was allowed to drift to obscurity, and even now we know not whether he lives or is dead. This is a goodie, so pick up on it. Not enough of these Juke Blues albums are being bought (and at only £1.50). Come on, we've complained enough in the past that companies hoard too much of their archive material, and call for this and that to be released, and yet now when it is, it is not bought. It's only by sales success (and only enough to cover costs as the whole project is run by blues fans, not company executives) that we can ensure its continuance.

Michael J. The instrumentum on this album is brilliant. The synthesiser appears in his own capable hands, and the effect on tracks like 'Angel Sea' is stunning; and he shows off his own remarkable talents on respectively acoustic and Spanish guitars, and ordinary and electric piano. His abilities are so great it's almost frightening to witness. His sidemen are obviously overshadowed, but not completely drowned. Each adds his own personal statement, and each complements perfectly, never putting a foot wrong. Gerry Conway is superb on drums, in total sympathy with Cat throughout; Jean Roussel continually shines like a beacon on piano, especially on the opening track, 'Sitting'; and Alun Davies and Alan James (guitar and bass respectively) although largely lost in the general melange of sound, are sure enough to have made the whole so much less had they been absent.

Of the tracks themselves, they each in their turn amaze as to the sheer size of his talent. He has his own fashion we all know, but how he manages to subtly shift tune, emphasis or whatever, and yet still retain the imposing standard is simply awe-inspiring. Not one stands above the others, as they are all giants, but for sheer imagery I particularly like 'The Boy With The Moon And The Star On His Head', '18th Avenue (A bad time in Kansas)', 'Freezing Steel', and 'Ruins'.

Is there a message in the title? Has he caught a heavier presentation (a bull that is not too easy to tame) on his fourth LP? Whatever the answer there is only one word for him—genius. And only word for this, has best to date—flawless.

MICHAEL J.

**JIMI HENDRIX**  
'War Heroes'  
(Polydor)

It's been two years since Hendrix was laid in the ground and to commemorate the event Polydor have released this album of outcasts from the 'Electric Ladyland' sessions, with a couple of later tracks thrown in for good measure. When I first put it on I was awed as usual by the sheer power of Hendrix' guitar playing, a



What is Elvis Presley's drug habit?

unique ability and for me the greatest guitarist ever. On second listening I realised why these tracks would never have been released while he lived and I began to wonder why Polydor had bothered to put them out at all. Visions of long dead flesh being wrung for the last drop of financial juice flashed through my mind, grief, thought I, the very words will be writhing in the grave if they ever catch wind of this.

Basically, I suppose, it's an official bootleg, the recording quality is better than the normal run of bootlegs but the material is pretty unexciting. There are flashes of brilliance on tracks like 'Tax Free' and 'Highway Grille' but the overall feel of the album is messy and confused, what else when it's all studio rejects. However it does have a place as a collector's item, and the final pity is that Polydor haven't packaged it as such, the notes are minimal, the sleeve skimpy and the presentation has a whiff of ripoff to it. Perhaps Polydor are sincerely behind this as a tribute to a great artist, but if someone who had never gone into Hendrix before were to listen to this first they would have to wonder what all the fuss had been about.

CHRIS ROWLEY

**WHEN GIRLS DO IT  
(VARIOUS)  
(Red Lighthouse)**

Compilation albums are open to abuse. Often they find themselves strung together by impatient companies, tongues

prodding for easy profits and all too often they are marred by too great a percentage of duff tracks. But, once in a while, there arrives a set that almost defies appreciation with its standards. Such a time has now come, dear reader, with this little box of goodies, and doubly so as it is a two record set! Not one track out of the 28, and there's value for a start, is below 3-star; in fact, well over 80% are top rating, and with the sleeve design by Edward Barker (who?) which will drive you to do naughty things all over it, this ends up a bloody fantastic release.

To quote: 'The idea... is to show that during the sixties... blues was flourishing. All assumptions that "blues is an art form on its last legs" are dispelled if the music on this album is any guide... On these sides... the artists... produce some classic blues.' That is an understatement!

Being from the era of electric blues, the BB King guitar style is well prevalent as might be expected. The title track is a tremendous example to open the album. Bobby (Guitar) Bennett cut it in 1965, and is rightly proud of his guitar break, announcing it with 'Now dig this'. This will send you whimpering into a corner, begging for mercy, right from the start.

Oh yes, of course, is a great exponent, and his own makes the Ike Turner track 'Down and Out' a shining light to where the Tina man should be at. He is so pretentious now it hurts. Matt Murphy's name strikes worship into those that know it, and Memphis Slim is obviously

proud to have him aboard. Once again, as with Ike Turner, this is an early track that shows Slim as he can be, and not in the smooth Tuxedo he often dons now. Sophistication has no place in blues, and Murphy is not sophisticated. But the best tracks here appear the King are from Mr. Bo, two real beauts. 'I Ain't Gonna Suffer', first, and then 'If Trouble Was Money', are twin demon tracks that, together with the lyrics on the latter, will grab you by the throat, fling you round the room and leave you limp in a heap. I promise these'll tear your ears off.

And now if you can stand it, there's more. Rare cuts from Sam Baker, one of only 2 cuts in 1964; 'Drifting Charles', his only two blues recordings, from '63 and with the Exello trio Al Foreman, Rufus Thibodeaux and Warren Storm behind him; Junior Wells, two that have escaped the Leadbetter Bible: 'Clear Waters', 'Sugar Boy'.

Williams, and Danny Boy, his only two cuts from '61. And top of all this: a doom-mood 'Suicide Blues' from Little Oscar Sticklin'; a Leadbetter favourite from Magic Slim 'Street Walkin' Woman' by Donnie Jacobs that was turned down by Exello (!); a pop tune from Buddy Guy and much more.

28 sides of sheer heaven, Mississippi, and its rubbers, figs and Al Bran for the rest of your miserable.

MICHAEL J.



# REVIEWS

**No Commercial Potential—The Sage of Frank Zappa and the Mothers of Invention**, by David Walley, published by Outerbridge & Lazard (import now, should be in the shops soon). At a time when the majority of rock music seems to be the product (and distinctly not the creation) of a bunch of so-called artists whose main influence appears to be the trendy ephemera of the Kensington Market, it's reassuring to know that some of those lovable genius weirdos who thrilled us through the Sixties are still churning out their inimitable work. Among these perennial creators must rank the wizard of Laurel Canyon, Mother in chief, Ruben Sano himself—Frank Zappa. And now, in addition to Frank's ever increasing personal output, comes his biography, the product of the researches and love of David Walley, sometime Fusion hack and potentially the slum-god of the Lower East Side.

What NCP does give us is a portrait of an artist who, forgive the generalisation, is rock's iconoclast. It's 1967, the streets of the world are clogged with hippies, loving, doping, searching for ultimate truths. Even the normally acidic Stones were prey to the malaise, while most groups grabbed their kaftans and swung those beads. Zappa and his weirdo Mothers offered us: 'I'm hippy and I'm trippy, I'm a gypsy on my own. I'll stay a week and get the crabs and catch the bus back home. I'm really just a phony, but forgive me cos I'm stoned...' It was hardly guaranteed to endear Zappa to the Children of Love. Nor was his follow up: 'Cruisin' with Ruben and the Jets, a pastiche of those greasy punk songs that had dominated Zappa's generation in the American high schools of the fifties. Walley's interviews with Frank Zappa Sr and Frank's high school mentor Ernie Tossi cast new light on what might have been put down to nothing more than a penchant for what he's recently gained the dubious acclaim of the camp followers. These days the combo has been given even more of that pop rally falsetto with the inclusion of the two ex-Turtles (remember 'Happy Together') Volman and Kaylan.

Frank Zappa tried to have this book suppressed. He didn't actually succeed, but he tried to refuse permission for inclusion of any of his lyrics. His efforts were successfully repulsed, but the very act reveals an alarming side of the artist. I once met Zappa and I discovered, by the time my interviewing him was over, that I'd been sold a great con. The rap that Zappa had given me was no more nor less than his 'underground press' interview, amusing, a few bitches, some insights, but nevertheless almost word for word identical to the rap he's offered another mag a mere three months previous. And a quick rundown of the straight muzak press revealed the same thing: they too had a basic Zappa chat. Genuises have traditionally been allowed greater leeway for freakiness than the mass of people. And Zappa must be considered among that select crew. Perhaps, as the book reveals, its because he knows it that he less appealing side of his character comes out. As Walley points out, the whole is always the sum of



its parts, and no doubt the Zappa whom we admire and whose creativity we continually applaud, would not have the same effect were he boozing charm from every pore.

It's a good thing that Zappa's attempted clampdown on *No Commercial Potential* was unsuccessful. Even Suzy Cream Cheese—Pamela Zarubica—Zappa's longtime amanuensis and confidante, has assured its author that there is nothing for its subject to worry about. It's a pity that Frank has to make such a fuss. But as he has stated himself: 'As far as explaining myself to a larger audience that's something I'm not interested in doing.' Fortunately for Zappa fans everywhere, Frank's decision has been overruled by this book. Biographies of artists still well into their prime may be a mistake, but read *No Commercial Potential*. Zappa may remain an enigma, but this book helps us to discover even a few of the elusive sides of one of rock music's foremost artists.

JONATHON GREEN

**Play Things**, a novel by Peter Prince, published by Victor Gollancz at £1.60. A rather pleasant first novel, all about a young man who almost manages to look after a children's playground. The playground, children and atmosphere of the book are very reminiscent of Notting Hill. *Play Things* is very short, only 127 small pages. These days authors seem to be writing books designed to be read between TV shows. Fine, if the price can be kept low enough to make the book a feasible buy.

The story is nicely woven, the dialogue convincing. The "hero", always referred to simply as the Play Leader, is

an ordinary sort of chap, rather dull, the type of man you might avoid at college dances. Not surprisingly, his wife leaves him. He then takes to sleeping in the Playground hut and it is only then he realises everything is not quite as it seems.

The female characters are rather palely drawn, the character of Portia, an American u/g press writer and lady-biker, being particularly irritating portrayal of a lesbian.

There are weaknesses in the book, at times I had a sneaking feeling it had all been written down one winter afternoon, yet, for all its light weight and careful uninvolvedness, there is still a warmth to Peter Prince's writing. I found it held my interest. A book worth reading.

**City Fathers, the Early History of Town Planning in Britain** by Colin and Rose Bell. Published by Pelican at £1.00. I always thought that towns "just grew". Apparently some of them are planned to look the way they do. Lots of really fine illustrations, maps and diagrams. Full of interesting facts, not always solely concerned with Town Planning. Did you know that Robert Hooke invented the marine barometer, the spiral watch spring, built the first Gregorian telescope and discovered the fifth star in Orion? You didn't? It's all in this book.

**Woodstock Craftsman's Annual, a Straight Ahead Guide to 11 Popular Revival Crafts**. Written and illustrated by young craftsmen from Woodstock, New York. Published by Studio Vista at £2.25 (paperbound) or £3.50 (hardback). Candles, crochet, leather, weaving, tie dye, batik, silkscreen, macrame, embroidery, pottery, home



## THE HEIST

Steal from the corrupt and thy theft shall go unpunished. You have not sinned. This moral more or less sums up the film. It tends to be simplistic using cardboard cut outs for characters, and after a while the movie became routine, even slightly boring.

This happens when Goldie Hawn vanishes from the film and does not return until a sequence at the very end, and if the film as a whole lacks potency, Goldie does more than compensate for this. In *The Heist*, Laugh In's giggling blonde has made the transition into a really versatile and proficient comedienne, who can portray a large variety of emotions through the medium of laughter. Compared to her, Warren Beatty has all the freshness of a dead flower; his actions are lifeless, his movements rehearsed. There is no spontaneity and it is only because the script favours him so much that he can hold our attention.

Richard Brookes' story and direction are plagiaristic, and once again the film loses its direction when it forgoes Goldie.

## GORDIAN TROELLER SILENT RUNNING

Most people who go to see this film will probably be expecting 2001 style visuals or at least some kind of runner-up to Kubrick. If this is the case then they will be somewhat disappointed, it is I think better regarded as a kind of counterweight to Kubrick's film. The two taken together forming a ying and yang of the space future.

It's the ecology kick which emerges as the primary concern of director Douglas Trumbull. By the beginning of the next century all plant and animal life has died out on Earth, a remnant from it being transported across space to an undisclosed destination.

The space vehicles are equipped with domes which house the various plant and animal species. The film concerns the attempt by a member of one of the space-craft to continue the experiment after orders have been received from Earth to abandon the project. Bruce Dern manages to save the garden-domes on his own space-craft from the atomic destruction which has befallen the remainder, but his crewmates are killed in the process.

One man alone with a floating factory of machines surrounded by a garden-forest.

Whereas Kubrick took a wholly serious view of space technology in Trumbull's case machines are far from omnipotent, a machine for playing billiards makes a foul shot and there is a lot of play on the theme man-and-machine isn't it hard to tell the difference line.

When the crisis is reached and the forest begins to die I found myself looking for a Kubrick-style mystical ending, instead of which Trumbull comes up with one that is logical and scientific.

As I said before the visuals are not striking although you may enjoy the rough trip through the rings of Saturn. Joan Saez sings a couple of rather poor songs at beginning and end.

CLIFF WANFORD

recording, beads. Each section is easy to understand and on the whole the materials required are not too expensive or difficult to obtain. Lots of helpful diagrams and photographs.

At one time you could only obtain this sort of craft book through bookshops like Compendium. It's nice to see that English publishers are putting them out.

A quote from the editor of the book (Jean Young) gives an idea of the flavour of the book: "The idea was to put together a manual written by craftsmen that would give more information for less bread, be fun to read, and identify with our New World. Besides trying to give clear instructions, we wanted the book to be a liberation trip, free from patterns and designs to copy. It's you, your imagination, your interest and your time that are the essentials."

And that's exactly what the book is all about.

**The Book of Strangers** by Ian Dallas. Published by Victor Gollancz at £1.75. The book, another short novel, begins well. I was reminded of Kafka and Hesse. The concept of two successive Librarians (of the future) setting out to search for a "book" is an excellent one. Unfortunately, as soon as the narrator leaves the Library and sets out on his "search", the book becomes yet another "I found enlightenment in the mystic east" travelogue. Which is a shame, for the first chapter really is brilliant. Ian Dallas seems to be trying too hard to put over his own beliefs and consequently the book fails both as a novel and as a spiritual parable.

By Joy Farren



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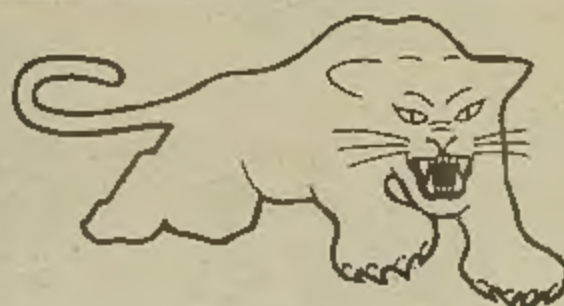
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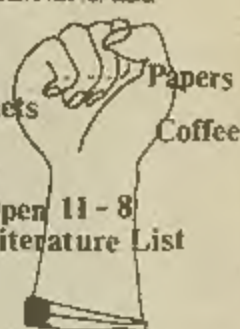
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